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THE REIGN OF TERROR IN MACEDONIA.

Extreme reserve and seeming unconcern have for some years past characterized Russia's policy in the Balkan Peninsula. After having intervened in the internal affairs of Serbia and Bulgaria, almost as if these States were provinces of her empire, she suddenly withdrew her hand and let things take their own course there. This new line of policy was struck out almost immediately after the retirement of her two energetic and enterprising representatives, MM. Hitrovo and Persiani, whose aim it had been to copy in Bulgaria and Serbia the methods employed by General Ignatieff in Turkey. And in truth it was high time, for excess of solicitude had defeated its own ends, and the two Slavonic States were being irresistibly drawn within Austria's sphere of attraction. Moreover, the centre of gravity of Russia's interests had meanwhile swung round from the Near to the Far East, and the attention theretofore given to the Balkan Peninsula was thenceforward claimed by the Gulf of Petchill. But in order effectually to prevent awkward surprises, which might cause a sudden explosion in the powder-magazine of Europe, Russia signed a convention with Austria-Hungary in virtue of which the two States were to play the part of policemen, to each of

whom was assigned his separate beat.

But the hopes founded on this reversal of Russia's traditional policy have not been justified by the results. The Slavs of the Balkans pant for visible and tangible tokens of her goodwill as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, and having asked for the bread of the San Stefano Treaty are disappointed and dissatisfied with the stone of the Russo-Austrian Convention. During the past few years they have received little from Russia except cold counsel and occasionally veiled threats. Latterly, indeed, a slight improvement took place and a sop was thrown to Serbia in the shape of the confirmation of the election of the Patriarch Firmilian, and a bone to Bulgaria in the form of the visit of the Russian squadron, the Shipka festivities and a sorely needed loan. But sweet words butter no parsnips, and although promises may make friends, performance alone can keep them. Those slight tokens of goodwill then, to which the appointment of a Consul in Mitrovitsa has since been added, were but as dust in the balance. Little by little mistrust of Russia began to sour the sentiments of the Slavs towards their powerful elder brother, and the Macedonians in particular determined to help themselves, seeing that nobody else would

help them. And, what was still worse, a strong party was formed eleven years ago in the three Provinces of Ueskub (Kossovo), Salonica and Monastir, whose members, turning away from the Serbs and Bulgarians by whom they had been abandoned to their fate, inscribed upon their banner the strange device: "Macedonia for the Macedonians." For the first six years this party carefully prepared the masses, enrolling every able-bodied man in its ranks, creating secret tribunals, appointing an all-powerful executive and inaugurating a *régime* which, were it not voluntarily accepted, might aptly be termed a reign of terror. During the five ensuing years purely "practical" needs were studied; arms were smuggled in, the peasants were drilled, funds collected, and now at last, all preparations being completed, the insurrection was announced for Spring this year.

It was then that Count Lamsdorff set out for Sofia and Belgrade to calm the excitement, dispel the misgivings and restore the faith of the Slavs in Russian friendship, to awaken hopes for the down-trodden Christians, and to hinder the outbreak in Macedonia. And it is only fair to say that the Russian Foreign Minister has accomplished in a large measure the first part of the task he had set himself. The Serbs are now relatively quiet, the Bulgarians apparently patient, and Turkey seemingly pliant. If the situation only continues one might almost yield to the temptation to believe that the storm-cloud will disappear, and peace, if not plenty, prevail once more in Macedonia.

One factor, however, seems to be forgotten in all these hopeful forecasts of semi-official and official organs; a factor, too, whose attitude may easily upset the most careful calculations of diplomatists. Macedonia, whose fate is in the balance, must be pacified as well as Servia and Bulgaria, and on

the Macedonians Count Lamsdorff has no effective means of putting pressure. Perhaps the promised reforms would, if they were speedily enough embodied in working institutions, content the Christians of the disturbed provinces? Precisely there lies the kernel of the matter. If the promises lately lavished upon that ill-starred people can indeed be carried out, and if they really make for peace, justice and prosperity, then the problem will be successfully solved and the Spring rising adjourned *sine die*. And as the political outlook depends solely upon these two conditions it is well worth while inquiring what chances they stand of being realized.

Genuine reforms in the administration of the three provinces known as Macedonia were promised by Turkey and guaranteed by the Powers that signed the Berlin Treaty over twenty-four years ago. That promise was not fulfilled by the Porte nor seriously insisted upon by the Powers. This neglect doubtless constituted a gross breach of faith from an ethical point of view, but regarded in the light of international politics it was a stern necessity. For the clause of the Berlin Treaty dealing with the Christians of Macedonia may well be likened to the compact on which a so-called "American Duel" is based: it compels one of the two principals to take his own life and is therefore null and void. In truth, Turkey could not make existence easy for her Christian subjects in the provinces of Macedonia without entirely losing her hold upon them, as she lost her grip on Eastern Roumelia and on Crete. The one thing follows upon the other as necessarily as a physical effect upon a physical cause. And Turkey knowing this refused to make a move, while the Signatory Powers, equally well aware of it, shrank from compelling her. Diplomatic pressure was indeed tried and found unavailing, while armed inter-

vention was eschewed as dangerous. Furthermore, not only was the integrity of the Ottoman Empire at stake, but the loyalty of the Sultan's subjects in other portions of his dominions was dependent upon his refusal to set the Giaours above the faithful. And so manifest were these facts that it was held to be impossible to insert even the thin end of the wedge and introduce the sorely-needed reforms little by little. The problem therefore, fairly stated, amounted to what philosophers would term an antinomy: on the one hand the Christians of the three provinces could not go on living without some measure of social and political reform, and on the other hand Turkey was unable to grant them any real concessions without exposing herself to ruin; while the Powers, owing to mistrust and jealousy among themselves, could not afford to re-open the Near Eastern Question by coercing her. Those were the reasons which impelled me, in an anonymous article on Macedonia, which appeared in this "Review" nearly eight years ago, to write: "Macedonia, like the Slough of Despond, is a 'place that cannot be mended' until Turkish rule there has been brought to a close."¹

Now it may safely be affirmed that nothing has taken place since then to render that formidable problem less difficult of solution, while much has happened to make it far more pressing than before. *The material plight of the Christians, for instance, is worse than it was—has, in fact, passed the bounds of the endurable—while their fitness for self-government has grown enormously, thanks to the number of schools founded among them by Bulgarians, Serbs, Roumanians and Greeks, and to the political education given to the people by interested agents from the Balkan States. But in a corresponding measure the fear and ha-

tred of any and every improvement in the lot of the Christians which every Turk feels and displays has been intensified. Thus there is not a Vali, a Kaimakam, or even a simple Zaptieh from one end of the country to the other who is not resolved to do everything that lies in his power to thwart the efforts of the Porte and the Sultan to introduce anything in the nature of a reform. No Mussulman will entertain the notion of equal rights for the Giaour and the Mohammedan and no one acquainted with the condition of the country can justly blame them. For reforms doled out to the Christians mean increased disabilities imposed upon the Moslems. It is as if one were to distribute to two armies highly improved weapons which only one of the belligerents knew how to wield. Both elements of the population are the victims of crying misrule, and to bestow upon the Christians even the elementary rights demanded for them by the Powers would be to impose upon the Turkish inhabitants the task of baking a double tale of bricks without straw. And this no true believer can be reasonably expected to assent to, much less honestly to work for. Hence the number of enemies to all innovations is so great that they can and will thwart every honest endeavor made by Hilmi Pasha, who is alone and without helpers, to satisfy the demand of the Christians. For it is administrators rather than laws that are needed. It was men not measures that ruined Macedonia as they depopulated Crete and turned districts of Armenia into a wilderness. And it is not merely a few paper reforms—which the Sultan himself has over and over again promised during the past quarter of a century—that can now give peace and security to a people whose lives and property still remain in the power of those who are charged with the realization of those reforms.

¹ Contemporary Review, September 1895, p. 323.

If then it was found to be chimerical to realize the most moderate reforms in small doses spread over twenty-four years, is it within the domain of things possible to make an almost clean slate and fill it with concessions to the Giaours to be realized in a few weeks or months? That any such hope should have been entertained by statesmen or politicians is incredible, and without such a prospect lasting peace is impossible. The Porte, clearly discerning the real issues, is preparing for war, and it would be hypocrisy to blame her. If Turkey has a right to exist—and the Powers are very prompt to assert that she has—she possesses an equally good right to defend herself against all attempts to imperil her political existence. But there are facts of yet another order which clearly point to the futility of treating national disorders with paper remedies. The people of Macedonia, whose weal the Great Powers profess to have in view, will have none of those make-believe reforms, and for reasons which it may be well to hear before condemning. The one condition which must be insisted upon before the well-meaning measures proposed by Russia and Austria-Hungary can be adopted, is that the Christians in Macedonia should lay aside their hostility to the Turks, forget their grievances for the time being, and stand on their good behavior. And this condition will not, nay cannot, be fulfilled. The reason why is contained in certain facts which I set forth as trustworthy, among hundreds of others which are either grossly exaggerated or wholly fictitious. The Russian Vice-Consul in Philippopolis, M. Westman, and the Russian Minister in Sofia, M. Bakhmetieff, and his self-sacrificing American wife, have winnowed the chaff of all these stories from the wheat by personal investigation on the spot, and the details which I am about to give are known to the Russian Gov-

ernment and appreciated by the Russian people.

The insurrection in Macedonia planned by outsiders and fixed for last autumn proved abortive. The first shot should have been fired in August, but the members of the revolutionary agencies which organized the scheme quarrelled among themselves at the Congress held during that month in Sofia, and then split up into hostile factions. In the committee of one of these sections, General Tsontsheff occupied the foremost position, and he resolved on his own initiative to stir up the Macedonians to rebellion. Now it should be borne in mind that all these committees are composed of so-called outsiders—that is to say, mainly Macedonian refugees in Bulgaria, and that whether their aim be to get the provinces annexed to Bulgaria or Serbia, or to demand simple autonomy, they meet with but little sympathy and less active support in Macedonia itself where there is a very intelligent native organization in favor of self-government. Tsontsheff was therefore left largely to his own resources. On the 23rd of September his adjutant, Nikoloff, crossed the frontier, but owing to the Shipka festivities, it was not until the 15th of October that Tsontsheff himself, who had meanwhile escaped from prison, took the field. The scene of action was the valley of the Struma, which a week later was wholly occupied by the Turks, and the insurrection which had hardly even flashed, suddenly fizzled and went out. The natives warned by their own committee had generally held aloof.

But there were people among them who, not content with holding back, resolved to act in the spirit of the admonitions vouchsafed to them by the Great Powers, and ordered the revolutionary bands to quit the country, and when the latter refused, actually drove them off with arms in their hands. By

Bulgarians and Europeans this attitude might be blamed as unpatriotic or lauded as prudent, but in any and every case the Turks ought to have been delighted with such conduct. That they should punish the active rebels as they did, with a fiendish refinement of cruelty, was perhaps to be expected, but that they could have turned against the men of order who withstood the insurgents seems incredible, and yet it is true.

Nor is that all. When the people had gone home the Turks came to search for arms. The peasants denied that they possessed any, and then the work of torture began. All who could ran away, and, owing to the height of the mountain passes and the enormous snowdrifts, had to leave their wives and children behind. Before this calamity overtook the place, the district of Razlog had twelve hamlets and 3,665 Bulgarian houses containing about 25,000 inmates. Of these Madame Bakhmetieff, the American wife of the Russian Minister in Sofia, counted 961 fugitives, besides some hundreds who found a refuge in the Peshtshersky district. The entire number of able-bodied men driven away from Razlog alone is about 1,500!¹

In that loyal and well-conducted district there were fourteen churches with twenty-two priests; of the latter eight escaped to Bulgaria, one was killed, one arrested, and the fate of the remainder is unknown. According to the statement of the priest who having made good his escape found an asylum in the Principality, their Churches were defiled and destroyed by the Turks. A considerable number of the remaining peasants are said to have perished on the way over the mountains. Over one-third, therefore, of the male population of the best behaved district of Macedonia has been thus forced to flee the country. Can it be seriously be-

lieved that with this example before them, the natives of the three provinces will be fired to go and do likewise next Spring? Have the Powers who exhort the Christians to keep the peace and await the coming of the reforms reflected on the fate in store for those who act upon that advice?

At the same time it is only fair to say that the people of Razlog fared a little better than some of their rebellious neighbors. We have the authority of Madame Bakhmetieff—who travelled about in the deep snow with the thermometer at 22 Celsius below freezing point, to bring succor to the fugitives—for saying that two priests of the villages of Oranoff and Padesh were tortured in a manner which suggests the story of St. Lawrence's death. They were not exactly laid on gridirons, but they were hung over a fire and burned with red hot irons.² In the Djumaisk District six churches were destroyed, and the church of St. Elias was turned into a stable, while the shrine dedicated to the same saint in Shelesnitsa was converted into a water closet. The churches of Padesh, Troskoff and Serbinoff were razed to the ground; the school buildings in the Djumaisk District were used as barracks, and the teachers put in prison or obliged to flee.

The horror of the situation is intensified, Madame Bakhmetieff says, by the fact that large numbers of fugitives have been driven back by the Turks into the interior southwards towards Seres, where their horrible sufferings and their miserable end will be hidden from all who might give them help or pity.³

The Great Powers are not ignorant of these facts; and details far more harrowing are in their possession. The representatives of Great Britain, Austria and Italy called at the Russian Embassy and took copious extracts

¹ Cf. "Novoye Vremya," 25th January, 1903.

² Ibidem.

³ Ibidem.

from Madame Bakhmetieff's Memoranda, which they forwarded to their respective Governments. Tsar Nicholas, on learning the facts, at once sent ten thousand roubles for those refugees who had escaped with their lives into Bulgaria, and then, but not before, the Bulgarian Government, theretofore fearful of offending the Great Powers, voted about five thousand pounds to alleviate their sufferings. But the other Governments either remained wholly indifferent or admonished the Macedonians to keep the peace or else be prepared to be left to their fate!

The Russian Vice-Consul at Philippopolis, M. Westman, crossed over into Macedonia in order to verify the incredible statements of many of the fugitives, and the startling results of his investigations were sent to the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg. Among other interesting facts he there informs his Government that a belt of territory thirty versts broad, running parallel to the frontier, typifies the abomination of desolation: the churches having been defiled and the villages partly burned to the ground, while the inhabitants have fled no one knows whither. In the interior of the country the situation was said to be equally bad, but this statement he had no means of verifying. He beheld quite enough, however, to perceive that the era of reforms is being inaugurated in a very incongruous fashion. On reading some of those experiences of his, one begins to understand how it is that the exhortations and promises of the Great Powers fall upon deaf ears in Macedonia. M. Westman declares that he saw women who had run away to save their honor and their lives, and were huddled together in mountain fastnesses where the snow lay several feet deep; and the wretched creatures were in an almost naked state. Some of them, he adds, had trudged along on foot, floun-

dering in the snows for twenty consecutive days with no shred of clothing but their chemises. Forty of the women who reached Dubnitsa and were cared for by Madame Bakhmetieff, were about to become mothers. He met tiny, bright-eyed little girls with disfigured faces fitfully crying, fitfully quivering in every limb, with manifest signs of having received a terrible nervous shock. Knowing what he knew of Turkish methods with female children, he shrank from questioning them about the cause of their suffering. Many of the women and children reached Bulgaria in a woeful plight, with lacerated feet, wounded bodies, undermined constitutions. Madame Bakhmetieff had most of those whose lives were in danger taken care of in improvised hospitals. To the others, bread and rough but warm clothing were distributed. Most of these misery-stricken women and men were almost naked, wasted to skeletons, with dull sunken eyes and pinched cheeks. Several were mutilated or disfigured, and the livid welts, the open wounds, the horrible marks of the red-hot pincers with which they had been tortured were witnessed by all.⁵ It was especially heart-rending to see mothers covered with scanty rags which could not shield from the bitter cold the helpless babes who were slowly dying at their milkless breasts.⁶

Fancy a set of realistic pictures of scenes like those painted say by Vereshchagin, and entitled, "On the eve of the Reforms!" What a curious yet all-sufficient commentary it would form on the ethics of Turkish promises and Christian politics!

Madame Bakhmetieff, who has witnessed those living and dying illustrations to the history of the Reforms, is a strong, healthy, warm-hearted woman. Were it otherwise, she neither could nor would have travelled for a

⁵ "Novoye Vremya," 20th January, 1903.

⁶ *Ibidem*.

whole week in 22 degrees of frost (Celsius), sleeping at night on a bare wooden bench—while the water in the jug and the ink in the bottle were frozen—solely for the purpose of meeting, saving and comforting those women and children who, more lucky than hundreds of their kin, had succeeded in escaping from their pursuers. Yet this lady tells us that the stories of these living skeletons, the moans of the shivering children, the looks of the dying women seared her soul with grief and haunted her in her slumbers. If ever those stories are published in full, they should be bound together with the volume yet to be written which will record the history of the fall of the Ottoman Empire. The two narratives will supplement and explain each other.

The flight of the Macedonians was the outcome of a general panic, which paralyzing reason, imparted the energy of madness to wild fear. The abortive October rising had but given a pretext to the Turks to wreak the vengeance which for years they had been meditating, and so ghastly were the inhuman forms it now assumed that nameless dread fell upon the people and drove them to the mountains, to the glens, to caves, any whither from torture into death by hunger, or a more merciful end in the snows which lay piled upon the ground to a height of ten feet. Most people fled madly, without money or overclothes, the boys and men had no covering for their heads, many of the women were without aught but their nightgowns. It is certain that numbers escaped from fiendish tortures only to lose their lives on the pathless hills.¹

Rarely did whole families manage to keep together, though some examples of this were met with, and several of the rebels in the Valley of the Struma

succeeded even in driving some of their cattle before them. Worst of all was the lot of the peaceful portion of the population because, taken by surprise, they fled wildly and aimlessly as from a destructive earthquake, a cosmic disturbance, or consuming fire from heaven. Women weeping for their lost children, little girls crying for their slain parents, old folks limping or tottering with lacerated feet and shrivelled bodies, lamenting that they had lived to see all their descendants cut off at one fell stroke, were met with by Madame Bakhmetieff and her helpers. Here and there were children of twelve and thirteen driven forwards by sheer cold and hunger, despite the fear which made them quake at every sound and start at every breath of wind.

Madame Bakhmetieff declares that she thus met numbers of half-naked wretches—their names and story are recorded in her notes—whom she cared for in her makeshift hospitals and temporary refuges. On removing the frost-stiffened rags that still hung round them, the sight of the open wounds caused the hearts of the onlookers to sink within them. Many of these horrible sores and indelible marks were produced by red-hot pincers, or the instrument known as "falaga."² Some episodes of this awful exodus can hardly be reproduced in an age and country wont to eschew the use of the horrible and loathsome, even in the ennobling service of humanity. But some of the less distressing examples of Turkish methods should find a place in any account of Macedonia which can justly lay claim to historical accuracy. One of the women in Dubnitsa, who seemed more dead than alive, was asked by the kindhearted lady why she looked so utterly crushed in spirit, now that the danger had passed and life, at

¹ "Novoye Vremya," 20th January, 1903.

² Ibidem.

³ Photographs of groups of these sufferers have been taken and can be produced.

any rate, was safe. Amid tears and sighs and convulsive quiverings of the body the poor creature told the sickening story of how her brother had had his head cut off before her eyes, after which she had to stand by while the ruffians chopped up his body into fragments. Several witnessed the agony of their tender daughters, children of from ten to thirteen—and heard their piercing cries as the men who wore the Sultan's coat subjected them to nameless violence. Numbers of children succumbed to these diabolical assaults, their last looks being turned on their helpless parents or their smoking homes. In one place two children—one aged eighteen months, the other four years—had their skulls split open by the soldiers. Other little girls and boys were deliberately and methodically tortured to death, while a place was assigned to their fathers and mothers where they were forced to listen to the agonizing screams and watch the contractions of the tender bodies each time that the once pretty faces were slowly lowered into the fire into which Turkish pepper had been plentifully scattered. This is in truth a form of torture which only a devil could have invented; for long before death releases the tiny mite, the eyes are said to start from their sockets and burst.¹⁰

No human being can even hear of those horrors without a physical shudder and acute moral pain at the thought that such things should be done on God's earth in the twentieth century, and that, purposely ignoring them, Christian States should deliberately go to work to perpetuate the Power that perpetrates them. The facts already recorded are, it should be noted, merely samples of what took place all over the disturbed districts and in others where there had been no disturbances whatever. Consequently, these records of fiendish crime and

human agony might be multiplied indefinitely; ought perhaps to be multiplied in order to sear the souls of Christian peoples, to sting their consciences and startle them into some kind of beneficent action. But the limits of this article allow merely the outlines to be drawn of the tragic picture which was painted in blood and fire last November by the very hands which are now about to bestow the "reforms." Heart-stricken, one recoils from the mere mental image of what wives and mothers and tender children had to endure for hours, for days, for weeks. The stories of violence done to women are calculated to drive pity wild with passion. In the single village of Vlakh, in the Melnitsky District, forty women, little girls and little boys were victims of the murderous lust of the armed bands who uphold the sway of the Sultan. In the Putrilsky circuit there was not a single woman who was not subjected to those soul-searing pains which are more deadly than death. In Dubnitsa, the centre of Madame Bakhmetieff's philanthropic work, there are still numbers of those poor creatures slowly recovering from the mere physical effects of these diabolical tortures! From the stories they tell, the veil of a foreign tongue cannot fitly be withdrawn; suffice it to say that when the brutal soldiers broke into the house of one of those women she was weak and poorly, having but shortly before given birth to a child; but the armed ruffians showed no mercy, and when her daughter entered the room in answer to her cries, they dishonored the child before the eyes of the dishonored mother.¹¹ "And," the chronicle continues, "this is but a common occurrence." Madame Bakhmetieff affirms that she saw five or six girls of rare beauty, one of whom had a cross tattooed on her forehead. Having asked

¹⁰ "Novoye Vremya," 22nd January, 1903.

¹¹ *Ibidem.*

what that meant, she was told that it was the custom even in peace times thus to mark with an indelible cross girls of twelve to thirteen who bade fair to be good-looking, in order to hinder them at least from being permanently incorporated in the harem.

The Porte takes credit to itself before Europe for employing none but regular troops in Macedonia, foregoing the services of Albanians and Bashibazooks. And the statement is quite true. But equally true and well-established is the fact that the regular soldiers are the perpetrators of those blood-curdling crimes—nay, that they commit them at times in the presence of their own officers!¹² Thus in the hamlet of Batshoff thirty-two peasants were beaten almost to death in the presence of the District Chief (Kalmakam) of Mehomia. In the village of Dobronishtshe, the superintendent of the police, Eyoob Effendi, violated three little girls whose names have been taken by Madame Bakhmetieff. In Dobronitsky the soldiers stripped thirty women to the waist, while the head of the police was standing by, and having subjected them to various indignities, led them in that plight through the streets. A sub-lieutenant, Ali Effendi by name, ravished three women in Godlyeff. Reshid Bey, a captain, deflowered a girl in Nedobinsk and then violated the daughter-in-law of the parish priest of Dobronishtshe.

But this part of the story had better be cut short. If scenes which come to one like deadly visions from out the plague-polluted mist of hell must of necessity be enacted, cannot be hindered lest political combinations be upset, then it is meet that they should be hidden away from the sight of the peoples in whose name the Turkish Empire is being held together.

*Durum! sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

It is worthy of note, however, that the people who are being thus dealt with are no mere savages, as many Continental politicians insinuate and a few really believe. They are people of quick sensibilities, considerable natural talents and more than average instruction. Gratitude, honesty, and a developed sense of human dignity are the qualities which are freely ascribed to the refugees by those who have constantly come in contact with them. "Not one of them is given to begging, or even asks for anything. He who has received boots, invariably refuses warm stockings for the sake of those who have neither. Many to whom warm sheepskin coats were offered, declined them, throwing open their rags, and pointing to the waistcoats already given to them, 'protection enough,' they said, where there were so many who were nearly naked."¹³ Among the donations received from charitable but unpractical persons were many articles of silk and satin. None of the exiles would have any of these.

It has been stated over and over again that the source of the discontent in Macedonia is artificial, that the revolutionary movement has been fostered from without, and that if the natives are determined to be guided by foreign counsellors, they must listen to the Powers who can and will help them instead of to agitators who will only plunge them in endless misery. Moreover, it can hardly be supposed that having lived so long under Turkish misrule they cannot further endure it for a few decades more until European States are agreed among themselves. And there is some truth in the premises of that argument—so much indeed as to deprive the conclusion of all its force. Thus it is a fact that there are revolutionary committees within and without, interested and disinterested; that there is a widespread organization

¹² "Novoye Vremya," 22nd January, 1903.

¹³ "Novoye Vremya," 20th January, 1903.

in Macedonia itself, another in Bulgaria as well, and that the Christians in most districts are in possession of some kind of rifles and cartridges, and are able and willing to use them. But on the other hand, the committees are the effect, not the cause, of the bitterness of feeling entertained by the Macedonians for the Turks. Or will it be maintained that in the facts recited above, and in the sentiments which they presuppose on both sides, there is not cause enough for such intensity of hatred as cannot even be realized by our western people? It should furthermore be borne in mind, that the means of agitation employed by those societies are precisely of the kind that render it increasingly difficult for the people to endure the yoke in the present as resignedly as in the past. Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania and Greece, each of which has its own levers at work, act on the population by means of schools and political literature. The number of Bulgarian teachers alone in Macedonia is 1,500. The number of priests whose influence tends to sharpen the national consciousness of the people is enormous. There are one thousand Bulgarian schools in the country, erected, not because of the demand for instruction—though this exists—but solely for the purpose of forming a current of opinion running in the direction of annexation to the Principality. The Serbs, too, have been hard at work for several years opening hundreds of Serbian educational establishments, and sending to Belgrade the most promising native lads, who in time become political agents, unwittingly or deliberately. The Roumanians and Greeks, who display a truly marvellous degree of activity, are, in consequence of the great difference of language, forced to confine their efforts mainly to their own kindred.

One of the results attained by these educational agencies has been to raise

the intellectual level of the people far above what it was fifteen years ago, and very much higher than what it is still generally supposed to be to-day. Every village, every hamlet has its teachers, its agitators, its foreign political agents. Every question, social and political, is discussed and brought within the mental range of the farmer, the laborer, the schoolboy. And naturally enough the people now look upon their miserable plight from an angle of vision very different from that of a quarter of a century ago. They feel that they are being made the scape-goats of European political interests. They know that they might have been free men after the Russo-Turkish war, and they resent the action of the Powers by which they were handed back to Turkey. They are also aware that so long as they keep quiet, the Powers will also remain inactive. And for those reasons among others, they are minded to help themselves, confident that their condition cannot be much worse than it is, and that possibly when known, it may shame Christians into an effort to succor them.

The Bulgarian Revolutionary Committees are working for the incorporation of the country in the Principality. The one exception is the organization of which Mikhailoffsky and Tsontsheff are the leading spirits, and their aim is Macedonia for the Macedonians. Yet oddly enough in spite of this the natives turn away from that as from the others. They will not be kept in leading strings any longer. They are determined to act for themselves and on their own initiative. Hence the indifference or opposition with which they met the bands of insurgents who invaded the country from Bulgaria last October. Hence too their resolve to choose their own time—about the means there is no difference of opinion—and that time is the month of May this year.

The native organization, which has existed for over ten years, is strong, active, intelligent. Its ramifications reach from one end of the country to the other. In truth it is less a revolutionary society than a fully developed government which differs from ordinary governments only in this: that its laws, administration and executive are effectually concealed from the Turkish authorities. But nothing of importance can be done or left undone by any Christian in the three provinces unknown to the secret government, nor can any act of treason be committed with impunity. Its police consist of tshety or gangs composed of seven or eight individuals, and of these units there are some seven or eight hundred, or about 5,000 men in all. Almost all the heads of these gangs are school-masters—seriously compromised in the eyes of the Turkish authorities—whose duty it is in ordinary times to safeguard, as far as they can, the interests of the Christians, to wreak vengeance for murders, to kill spies and to smuggle in arms. When the insurrection breaks out each gang is the nucleus of a body of rebels.³⁴

After sundown the authority of the Turk is gone and that of the Christians is in vigor. Then the Mohammedans shut themselves up in their houses and shrink from sallying out even for the purpose of stopping the illegal transport of arms, which are generally brought over the frontier after dusk by couriers who return before dawn. Every Mussulman whom these carriers meet they shoot down like game. The leaders of the gangs address the people in the churches on Sundays, and then proceed to administer their Vehm-law. Punishments are decreed by the central committee and carried out by the members of the gangs. For treason the penalty is death, and during the past few years it has been inflicted

swiftly, secretly and with impunity in scores, perhaps hundreds, of cases. The victims were generally Christian spies, but occasionally Turks—a circumstance which seems to show that national or race hatred is not the ruling motive.

The extreme penalty is reserved for spies and traitors, and is seldom executed without warning. The secret government forbids Christians to take their differences before Turkish law-courts, and itself appoints arbitrators who deal out substantial justice; and its power over the population extends so far and is so implicitly obeyed that no marriages can be contracted without its express permission. Under this régime drunkenness and immorality have almost disappeared.

The view of this influential organization on the political question is interesting. Briefly and in the words of some of its influential members it is this: "We are guided by absolute and chronic disbelief in the fitness of Turkey to better our lot. . . . The Turks aim at systematically rooting us out. The indifference of Europe and Russia and the inability of the Bulgarians to give us a helping hand have driven us to logic of a cruel kind: to prefer sanguinary self-help on a large scale to being cut to pieces little by little."³⁵ The fulfilment of this programme will be the rising in Spring.

Such an insurrection, if left to itself, could not of course succeed. The Turkish troops now massed in the country and impatiently awaiting the order to move will crush it as readily as their comrades dashed out the brains of little children a few months ago, and with almost as few risks. But if the projected rising takes place, will it, can it be left to itself? If we weigh merely political considerations the answer is doubtful. On the one hand neither Russia nor Austria is prepared for the opening up of the Near Eastern Ques-

³⁴ "Novoye Vremya," 30th January, 1903.

³⁵ Ibidem.

tion, and both will therefore leave no stone unturned to have it indefinitely put off. On the other hand Orthodox Russia, whose pride and tradition urge her to protect the people of her own race and religion, can hardly leave the Macedonians to their fate, knowing as she now knows, through her official representatives, what that fate must be. The Macedonians themselves affirm that they cannot picture her saying to Turkey: "You have *carte blanche* to quell the rebellion. I know the horrors which that involves and I deplore them, but after all politics go before religion and humanity, and I will turn away my eyes from the sickening spectacle. Moreover, I can always send some thousands of roubles to alleviate the sufferings of those who come through the ordeal with their lives." But there has never been a prophet in politics, where the unforeseen alone is sure to happen.

On the other hand Turkey cannot with the best will in the world remedy the irremediable; indeed it is practically certain that since the Berlin Conference broke up she has never been able to fulfil her promise in that respect. It was and is *ultra vires*. The present promise of reforms, even though Hilmi Pasha do his utmost to realize them, is no solution. Lest my judgment be deemed biased, I will quote that of an unprejudiced and unsentimental German organ, which considers the question on its merits. "For some days past an inkling has been given of the nature of the reform programme for Macedonia, drawn up by Russia and Austria-Hungary. From these statements it is clear that it is a question of merely unimportant measures, the adoption of which are to be recommended to the Sultan. Were it otherwise, the German Government would not have displayed such extraordinary haste to signify its assent to the programme of reform. According to this scheme a General

Inspector is to be appointed who shall not be liable to be recalled before the expiry of a certain time. The revenue of the three vilayets, Salonica, Monastir and Ueskub, is to be spent for the benefit of these provinces and only the surplus sent to Constantinople. The Ottoman Bank is to be charged with the administration of the revenue of the provinces. There is likewise a question of reorganizing the corps of the gendarmes. Now all these reforms—with the exception of the administration of the provinces by the Ottoman Bank—have over and over again been decided upon and announced by the Sultan, but they have always remained on paper. It goes therefore without saying that Abdul Hamid will endorse this 'Scheme of Reforms' with the utmost pleasure, especially when it is laid before him by MM. Calice and Zinovieff in the 'mildest form,' conformably to a wish expressed by the German Government in Vienna and St. Petersburg. But there is no question whatever of any guarantee that even now the Sultan's promises will be carried out, nor is it therefore likely that revolutionary Macedonia will be pacified by paper reforms."¹⁸

Bulgaria, despite the asseverations and the really correct attitude of the Premier, M. Daneff, cannot remain an onlooker while people of her own flesh and blood are being tortured, violated, murdered. As a line of political conduct this attitude would be dangerous, in ethics it would be less defensible still. But whatever it might be in theory, in practice it is impossible. For over thirty per cent. of the civil servants and the same proportion of the military officers are Macedonians, so that public opinion would force the hand of the most determined Cabinet Bulgaria has ever had, even that of the late M. Stambuloff. By abandoning her mobilization plans and arresting

¹⁸ "Frankfurter Zeitung," 19th February, 1903.

the revolutionary leaders in the Principality she has reached the topmost heights of self-mastery; but no Government can long hold out against its whole people and army combined.

Turkey cannot bestow reforms—which, if genuine, would cost her nearly three of her best provinces—without a war which could hardly cost her more. Policy no less than dignity bids her make a stand. Indeed the issues are so simple and clear that the Ex-Grand Vizier, Said Pasha, advised the Sultan to set his face against the proposed innovations in Macedonia—supposing them to be serious—and to chastise Bulgaria instead. Abdul Hamid, who would gladly follow the well-meant advice if he dared, unwillingly discharged his trusty counsellor and set his successor to work on the insoluble problem.

Meanwhile, on the one hand, troops are being massed in Macedonia in ever increasing numbers—over 100 battalions, many of them redifs, are already

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stationed there—while, on the other, Hilmi Pasha is hard at work “reforming”—introducing a scene from an opera-bouffe into one of the most harrowing tragedies of European history. The best Turkish generals have been appointed to the chief strategic positions in the country; Ali Riza Pasha—who served for several years in the Prussian army and will probably be commander-in-chief in the future war—is at the head of the province of Monastir and Mehmed Hafiz in Ueskub. The south frontier of Bulgaria is being threatened by the Turks; that of Turkey is no longer menaced by the Bulgarians. The Greek Cabinet is uneasy but hopeful. The Servian Government has called up its recruits somewhat earlier than usual; rifles and guns are being hurriedly purchased, and “satisfactory explanations” given all round. Meanwhile Europe, nay all Christendom, is anxiously awaiting the ides of March.

E. J. Dillon.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER XI.—THE LAST OF MR.

BARROWS.

It was three days before the end came.

In a sense they were quiet days, but in another way they were days of tempest. It is possible that a man, even a man of no particular force of character, may so accustom himself to the idea of death that at last he feels little dread of it. Much to his surprise, Mr. Barrows found himself contemplating it sometimes as a thing natural and inevitable, and even as a relief. His surprise arose from the fact that he had always regarded himself as one

unstable of purpose and more than timorous in the face of danger. He found a certain pleasure in the discovery, a pleasure which he could scarcely have explained.

At other times, however, the horror of this calculated sacrifice, this evilly planned murder, seemed to overwhelm him, and to fill him with unutterable bitterness and resentment. He saw himself caught as a rat in a trap, and his action appeared the culminating point of folly. And the best thing he had to lean upon was a chance—a feeble chance which would probably come to nothing—that an old man, seven hundred miles away, would con-

sider his ridiculous standard of honor satisfied. Nothing more absurd had ever been dreamed of.

Once, while in this mood, he walked to the railway station, some mile from the village, drawn, as if by a magnet, to look upon the means which could, if he so wished, take him out of this astounding situation. For a while he lingered about there idly; but when a train was signalled he saw himself in danger, and returned to Saint Claud in a rage of shame and self-accusation. Before he reached the village he met Phillip Brode, who was taking a stroll in the same direction; and the sight of that sullen face completed the reaction. But Phillip reported the incident to his father, and the Count smiled triumphantly.

Mr. Barrows did not go the station again. He saw that he must guard against such moods as this, and his best help in doing so was the thought that this sacrifice was for one who trusted him, and one whom he had asked to pray for him.

On the Tuesday evening the Brodes put their plan into operation, and told Hadfield that they would take a little pistol practice among the rocks about a quarter of a mile beyond the hotel.

"Shall we go?" asked Hadfield of his companion.

"There is no need for both of us to go," answered Mr. Barrows. "Go yourself. That will be quite as well."

Hadfield went, not at all reluctantly. On his return at dusk he gave his report.

"It was not bad sport," he said. "Several people heard the firing, and came to look on. I tried a little myself, but of course I couldn't make any kind of show, even with an air-gun. The Count was first-rate; he made no end of hits, and that without any trouble at all. But as for his son—well, I must say he doesn't seem much of a hand at it.

He is not as good a shot as his father by a long way. If he did hit anything in a duel it would be more of an accident than anything else!"

Mr. Barrows smiled at his friend's simplicity.

"By the way," continued Hadfield, "I never asked you, are you anything of a shot yourself?"

"I'm afraid not. I haven't fired a pistol twice in my life."

"No? By Jove! Hadn't you better try, then?"

"Why should I?" asked Mr. Barrows. "As you know, the whole thing is only a matter of form. Besides, in case of accident it would certainly be more natural if one of the party were a novice. People would be able to say, 'It serves him right for playing with firearms.'"

Hadfield laughed as he saw the force of this argument, which he did not succeed in shaking. He was relieved, however, to find that the Count received his explanation of his friend's absence with perfect courtesy and sympathy.

"After all," said the old man, with irony which Hadfield did not see—"after all, Mr. Barrows is perhaps right. It will be quite enough if he only comes here once."

"Of course it will," agreed Hadfield. "Nothing more is required."

"No," said the Count dryly, "nothing more."

So the days marched slowly, all the harder to bear on account of the event that was coming. But the interval came to its end at last, for on Thursday evening the count spoke. Friday was to be the day.

Hadfield, of course, agreed. "We will arrange," said the Count, "to be out here to-morrow a little earlier, just before people go to the beach for the evening. When we come we shall have forgotten some trifle, and will send our attendant back to the hotel for it.

During the half-hour of his absence, everything can be done. Will you speak to Mr. Barrows?"

"Of course," said Hadfield. "I am sure, Count, that he will be quite agreeable to anything you suggest."

The Count bowed smilingly. How confident this young man was! What would he say if he found his principal wanting when the time came?

"Very good, Mr. Hadfield," he said. "I suggest, further, that we must not all come together, as that would indicate pre-arrangement. Let it be that you and Mr. Barrows come first. We will follow almost immediately with the cases."

"That is excellent," was Hadfield's reply. "I am sure there will be no difficulty."

He spoke to Mr. Barrows accordingly, and told him of the arrangement. Mr. Barrows fell in with everything as suggested. He found with surprise that the definite fixture of the end gave him a feeling almost of relief. The last days had been painful ones, and it seemed good to be face to face with the conclusion of all.

The matter was thus settled. The two parties met at supper-time that night, just as they had met several times in the interval; and the Count, seated with his face towards Mr. Barrows, chatted in his pleasantest humor. Hadfield liked him more and more; but Mr. Barrows was quite as reserved as he had been at first.

Mr. Barrows did not sleep well that night, and was out early; but he returned to meet Hadfield at breakfast. While he was waiting, sitting lazily in the hotel porch, he heard footsteps in the hall, and Count Brode came upon him suddenly.

The two men were alone. The Count glanced round, stopped, and bent over him as he sat.

"It is this evening, then."

Mr. Barrows looked his enemy in the

face, but made no answer. The Count spoke again:

"It is not yet too late. I have no wish to have a life upon my hands."

Still there was no answer. Count Brode turned back and went into the house.

Mr. Barrows was strangely stirred, and felt his heart beating loudly. That brief interview had had a curious effect upon his resolution, but not a weakening effect. He shook his head.

"No," he said to himself. "You have given me my opportunity. Heaven help me to take it!"

He spent most of the day upon the sands. What he feared was a moral collapse, a return of that mood which he knew so well. Perhaps it did return, but even if it did he overcame it. At four he came back to the hotel to take an early tea with his second, and when that was over he took him up to his room.

"As you know, Hadfield," he said, "no sensible man takes a risk without making certain arrangements. Accidents are always possible, even in a duel. I have thought it wise to put some things in order."

He produced two sealed envelopes. "One," he said, "is addressed to yourself, as you see. This other, which bears no address at all, contains a telegram, which must be despatched at the earliest possible moment afterwards. There must be no failure in this."

Without being aware, he spoke so gravely that Hadfield was alarmed. Mr. Barrows saw the look.

"Oh," he said, smiling, "don't be impressed. This is all for your guidance in an extreme case."

"Then, of course," cried Hadfield, "when it is all over I shall give them back to you."

Mr. Barrows nodded carelessly. "Now put them away," he said a moment later, "and let us be off."

They took the winding path in the

cliff, which led to the sands. At the foot a turn to the left would have taken them safely, inside the shelter of the cliff, around to the road leading to the railway station. If Mr. Barrows felt temptation at that point it was sharp and short; for in three or four minutes they were clear of the cliff and crossing the sands towards the appointed place.

Mr. Barrows knew that his enemy was watching that walk from one of the windows of the hotel. He would soon follow, to put the finish to this extraordinary business.

The rocks were scattered and irregular, and the drifting sand had made broad pathways between them. In one place they opened out into a kind of rude amphitheatre, with paths leading away in different directions. This was where the pistol practice had taken place, and where the duel was to be fought.

"It's an ideal spot," said Hadfield. "No one can see what goes on until he comes quite close. And, of course, we should keep a sharp lookout."

Mr. Barrows agreed that the spot was ideal for their purpose. It was something like a gigantic rat-trap. After examining the place he sat down upon a flat, smooth-faced piece of rock to wait.

"It will be half-an-hour at least," said Hadfield. "We can't expect them before that. What shall we do?"

He was somewhat excited, as was quite natural. For a few moments he stood discussing arrangements, but having all the discussion to himself. Then he became restless, and suggested a change.

"I think I'll go to the opening and keep a lookout. Then I can tell you when they're coming."

Mr. Barrows agreed with some relief. Though such a good fellow, Hadfield was not exactly tactful or sympathetic, and it would be well to be alone for a

while. So Hadfield left the ground and mounted one of the scattered rocks outside, where he could enjoy a view of the sands up to the base of the cliff on which the hotel stood.

So far there was no one in sight—no one of the description he looked for. The sands they had crossed were clear, and even beyond, near the village, there were only two or three children playing at the waterside. He began to whistle idly, but suddenly stopped. That was hardly the thing, after all, before a duel!

As no particular time had been fixed, they might have to wait an hour. He thought he would go back and speak to Barrows; so back he went, treading softly on the sand. But when he reached the place he saw that Mr. Barrows was sitting in the same spot, with his face buried in his hands. Then it did occur to Hadfield that the man might really prefer to be alone. "I won't disturb him," he thought, "until they're in sight." So he returned to his perch and waited.

Still the way across the sands was deserted, and no one issued from under the cliff; but there were a few more children over yonder, and one or two elderly people among them.

Soon afterwards he thought that their plan would be interrupted. There was a pretty farmhouse in a field behind the beach a little farther down, and from this direction came an old gentleman, evidently a visitor. He walked slowly along above the rocks, as if he intended to locate himself somewhere among them; but this was not his purpose, for presently he skirted them and moved away down towards the sea. He was a careful old gentleman, for he wore a plentiful white handkerchief behind his straw hat to keep off the sun; and he carried a newspaper, neatly folded, under his arm. He held on his way down to the water's edge, where with infinite pains

he selected a seat, spread one sheet of his newspaper upon it, and began to read the remainder. Hadfield watched all this with interest and with relief. The old gentleman would presently be startled, but he was quite three hundred yards away and quite harmless. His handkerchief and his newspaper made a large white blotch among the brown rocks.

Again he turned his eyes towards the hotel.

* * * * *

Mr. Barrows, sitting with his face in his hands, had his last struggle with his weaker self. He tried to shut out the streaming sunshine, the voice of the sea. There was one clear issue which he tried to keep before him. His thoughts might wander, but he always brought them back to this: Restoration!

The end was near at last. To-day—in a few minutes—would come the close of that old life during which he had made an enemy of Count Brode; the end, too, of that quiet life after the Prince's death, the life that had seemed to suit him so well after his wanderings. That quiet existence, perhaps, had only been preparing him to answer this call, and fitting him to face it. He had faced it, so far.

It was not yet too late, for the open country was before him. But he shut out this idea, just as he tried to shut out the sunshine. He endeavored, instead, to recall the face of the woman whom he had told so carelessly, yet so earnestly, to pray for him. Had she done so?

It would not be long now. In a moment he would hear footsteps, voices. Then he would stand up.

At that point a deadly sickness seemed to rise up within him overpoweringly. It was the last wrench—the last agony.

* * * * *

Hadfield was growing impatient, for

still the enemy delayed. This was inexcusable, for some one might take it into his head to approach the rocks at any moment. That, of course, would cause the postponement of the plan. He stared at the cliff, and the white-walled hotel above it, until his eyes became sore and strained. Then, at last, he gave an exclamation. Some one had appeared, and was coming straight over towards the rocks.

Only one; not two? But in a few moments he saw that this was not one of the Brodes at all. He strained his gaze again, and presently perceived who it was. It was one of the waiters at the "Seine"—the submissive-looking person who was always in the dining-room.

He tried to guess what was happening. Perhaps they had been prevented from coming, and had sent this man with a note: perhaps they had only been delayed, and were sending their apologies before them.

The waiter came on, in the manner of one who has a message to deliver. Suddenly, however, he changed his course, and instead of making for Hadfield, turned towards the old gentleman sitting at the waterside—the one with the handkerchief. Hadfield, irritated and disappointed, watched with curious eyes.

The man reached the person with the handkerchief and addressed him; then he turned and went back towards the hotel. The old gentleman rose from his seat with a certain celerity, folded up the sheet he had been reading, and left the other on the rock. Then he began to make his way up the beach, so directing his steps that he must pass Hadfield. As he came nearer it was plain that he was neither so old nor so eccentric as he had appeared from a distance. He walked with decision, and his face was that of a man in his prime.

To Hadfield's surprise, he did not

pass. Instead, he stopped and said something in French.

"Very sorry," said Hadfield, "I don't speak it."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the stranger pleasantly. "I also speak English. Monsieur is waiting for some one?"

Hadfield could only assent in increased surprise. "Monsieur is waiting, not for one, but for two?" said the man with the handkerchief, smiling. "Doubtless he will be surprised to learn that they are not coming. Indeed, they are gone. They have left the place."

This was news with a vengeance. "The deuce they have!" ejaculated Hadfield.

"Precisely, monsieur. They waited until monsieur and his friend reached the place of appointment, and watched them doing so. Then the one who knew all found his nerve give way before what he could not understand, and he told the other. They left the hotel; but took the other road. They are on their way to Paris."

The stranger's manner was entirely convincing. It was more—it was serene, omniscient.

Hadfield forgot to ask for explanations, but, leaping from his perch, rushed away towards the amphitheatre. He shouted his tidings:

"I say, Barrows, they're not coming—they won't meet you—they've taken the train for Paris!"

Those were the words that brought Mr. Barrows out of his reverie. He raised his face, hearing but not understanding.

"They're gone—cleared out!" cried Hadfield. "I've just heard. They've given it up."

At that point he saw his friend's face, and stopped. There came to him at that moment the conviction that he had been playing a small part, not in a mere matter of form, but in a life-and-death struggle.

Before he could recover, some one

advanced from behind him. It was the man who had given him the news.

"It is quite true," he said. "Perhaps you may guess the reason. Count Brode found himself face to face with a thing which it was not in his nature to comprehend, and because he could not comprehend he began to fear—to fear something behind. He is gone!"

Mr. Barrows, half-awake, found the glorious sunshine about him again. "Quinzell!" he said faintly.

"And I," said Baron Quinzell gravely, "was charged with a message from my master, only to be delivered if one should play out his part. This message is"—

There was no more to be said at that time. Mr. Barrows, gradually realizing the situation, saw the message in the man's face. The sunshine became darkened, and the voice of the sea rose all about him, hoarse and loud. Leaning against the rock, he slid down by it and sank upon the sand. Hadfield sprang to him, but Quinzell was first.

"Go," said the Chancellor, "and dip your handkerchief in the water."

Hadfield did so, and was back immediately. Quinzell took the handkerchief.

"Restoration," he said, "is not an easy thing. It has to be paid for."

"He must have suffered!" said Hadfield, with quick compunction. "Look at his face. Poor Barrows!"

The Chancellor did not pause in his efforts; but he found time to speak. "You must not say Barrows henceforth, monsieur. James Barrows died, I have learnt, in America, some twelve years ago. This is not the man."

"Not the man?" cried the other, bewildered.

It was Quinzell's purpose to close the door behind him whom he had come to call back to another place. "No," he repeated briefly. "This man was once, and is again to-day, Prince Adrian of Zell."

W. E. Cule.

A DAY OF REST

The ancient Mexicans divided the year into weeks of five days. They held a fair on the fifth day, so that after four days of work a man desisted from laboring in his vocation and carried his produce to market. The conquerors of the Mexican imposed upon him, with the Catholic religion, the week of seven days, and the seventh became the market day instead of the fifth. Over the greater part of the country Sunday has not yet become a day of rest; at most it brings a change of occupation. In the villages of the hot lowlands (*tierra caliente*) it is the busiest day of the week. Once a month or so the tawdry old church has its turn of the priest of the district, who mumbles an early mass or two, and on these occasions the Indian gives a quarter of an hour to his "duty" before beginning the real business of the day. But there is no restful dreamful dozing, no Sunday School, only newly washed clothes and a great deal of buying and selling, gossiping, gambling, drinking and flirting, and frequently, the natural result of these last, fighting.

To prepare for the weekly market on Sunday the up-river Indian improvises a rude raft, two or three young trees roughly chopped down, and lashed together with some of the pliant vines that crowd the tropical forest. On it he places his little store of maize, coffee, rubber, cacao or tobacco, and with a slender pole skilfully guides his frail vessel down stream. When he lands his goods on the river bank at the village he abandons the raft and with the produce of his cargo supplies himself with the commodities he wants, a blanket, sandals, salt, a knife, a cheap gun, a gay handkerchief, a jar of native rum. Probably before nightfall he

is drunk; but by next morning's dawn, if he has not got into gaol, he is away through the forest paths to his home, his unconsumed purchases on his back. If he lives down stream from the village, he poles his canoe up and returns in it. If he comes overland by road, the stout backs of his womenkind carry their full share of the burdens. The less distant bring to town provisions to furnish meals for those who have travelled farther, and squat in the market-place selling their maize-cakes (*tortillas*) and other Indian eatables.

The British or American settler, accustomed at home to a peaceful Sunday, sometimes tries to introduce the custom on his own plantation. He fails, even when it, like the one in which I write, is far from town or village.

We are here in the *tierra caliente*, on the picturesque fringe of the Sierra Madre mountains. The house stands on a height above the river, so far back as to leave room for the road and a few dark orange trees between it and the steeply descending bank. The river is invisible directly in front, but to the right the eye can follow a long stretch of it as it comes shimmering down between its densely wooded banks. The great trees that overhang the water are covered almost to their topmost branches with long trailing vines, whose hanging leaves form a close green curtain between the river-way and the forest. The river itself in the sunshine looks like a broad highway of burnished silver between cliffs of emerald. On the left, a hundred yards down stream, the ground is partly cleared of trees, and slopes gently to the water's edge, and there the river bends away to the right, leaving a broad stretch of sand and gravel be-

side a quiet pool in which the people bathe.

For Belén, our cook, Sunday begins, as the Sabbath did for the ancient Hebrews and for our Puritan ancestors, on Saturday evening. It is then that, when dinner is over and all her pots are scoured, the dishes washed and placed on the rack, her fires raked out and the floor of the kitchen swept, she starches and irons her weekly clean sprigged-muslin skirt. This is a work of no mean skill, as we can see, for the process is carried out in public on the verandah. The starched muslin is delicately damped before the iron passes over it. Belén takes a sip of water in her mouth and with a long breath ejects it from her lips in the finest imaginable spray over the surface of the cloth. The hot iron, whose temperature she first tries with the palm of her left hand, follows the slender shower. Next day Belén appears in a billowy skirt, its ample folds gathered simply at her ample waist. Above the skirt she wears a snow-white chemise, sleeveless and cut low, so as to exhibit in full her polished chocolate arms and shoulders. Round her sinewy neck a tiny red and blue silk handkerchief is loosely pinned; her thick hair shines with our best cooking lard, and on her head is a steeple-crowned *sombrero* as large as a parasol; in her firm and rosy lips she holds a big, strong, black cigar, and a crimson paper rose is stuck behind her ear.

Belén's full name is María de Belén Rodríguez, Mary of Bethlehem Rodríguez. There are many Mariës, for, when a child is born, the calendar is consulted and the infant receives the name of the saint whose day it happens to be. This has the advantage of always letting people know when their friends' birthdays come round, so that they may offer their felicitations punctually. Mary of Guadalupe, Mary of the Pilar and Mary of Jesus are respec-

tively called, for short, Lupe, Pilar and Chucha. Our Mary is called Bélen, which, being of the Coast, she pronounces Beléng through her very sharp nose. She is rather tall and elderly, very dark, very ugly, and as hard as whipcord. Besides being a cook of much knowledge and experience, she can manage a canoe and ride a horse, and she has a temper which has earned for her the nickname of *La Tarantula*. In addition to her monthly wages Belén gets one real's (about sixpence) worth of soap and half a pound of starch every week. This is an allowance we are very glad to make, and we think we get value for it in her appearance on Sunday.

Procopio, who milks the cows, is a hardworking little man with a broad face and a pair of very strong bow legs. He wears the usual cotton shirt and cotton trousers, the shirt hanging loose over the trousers, a cool and agreeable manner of wearing it and one suited to the climate. The authorities of one of the principal Mexican cities recently decreed that no one should be permitted to enter its precincts wearing his shirt in this manner. I inquired into the reason of this singular sumptuary law, and learned that it was merely a corollary to an edict prohibiting the wearing of arms at the fairs and other festivals; a knife or pistol was so easily concealed under the loose shirt. In the country such restrictions are not thought of, and Procopio wears his snow-white shirt to-day as Hodge in Buckinghamshire wears his smock frock. But this is not all. Procopio turns up one trouser just as any other gentleman does in muddy weather, but, unlike any other gentleman, he rolls up the other above the knee. This arrangement is too habitual to be accidental, but I am unable to explain it. Perhaps his ancestors, for some sufficient but now forgotten reason, wore one leg bare, and the habit

is a survival like the buttons on the back of a coat. In that case if I inquired of Procopio himself it is unlikely that he could tell me, any more than his wife, Teresa, could tell me why she, like the other ladies of her race, puts the end of her scarf, or, if she does not happen to be wearing it, her brown hand before her mouth when she speaks to me, which certainly does not help me to understand her. Probably she could not explain why she does it. It may be that she has learned the custom from her mother, who learned it from hers, who learned it from the Spaniards, who learned it from the Moors, who, being Mahommedans, made their women veil their faces in the presence of men.

Procopio is no eight-hours man. His hours are the twenty-four, or any of them in which there is work to be done. He rises very early in the morning. For reasons, we like the milk brought to the house direct, and the can placed where it can be seen. If I am not already awake, he wakens me as he opens the door to bring it in. He comes at an hour which varies casually from half-past two to half-past five. The Indian, like the horse, seems to need little sleep, and his customary toilet takes scarcely more time than theirs. A yawn and a shake suffice on week-days. Procopio is intelligent and has learnt to know the hour by looking at the clock, but he can tell it almost as well by looking at the sky. His milking-time however depends on his luck in getting the cows together. The cows are neither housed nor tethered. They are wild, light-limbed creatures, as active as deer and little more domesticated. In the hot day-time they stand in the river, or push into the deepest forest shades, to escape as much as they can the burning sun and the troublesome flies. The night is their chief feeding time, when they wander over the partly cleared land or

seek the long grasses by the water side.

Waking on Procopio's entrance with his lantern and pail, I rise if it is not too early, and dress, careful to pull on my boots before setting my feet on the ground, and also to shake out the boots before pulling them on, for a scorpion or a toad may have chanced to take up its lodging in them during the night. I go outside. Lights are twinkling in the workers' kitchen, where the women are busy on their knees, grinding the maize and baking the *tortillas*, and the morning coffee is bubbling in the pot. Overhead the sky is clear but dark, and seems stretched like black velvet above the twinkling stars. Jupiter blazes low in the East, and a tiny spark that shimmers close to his rim I fancy to be one of his moons. The pole-star almost rests upon the tree tops, and over the opposite horizon stands up feebly the cripple Southern Cross. A low faint paleness tinges the eastern sky. The heavy dew is bending down every leaf and twig on the trees and every blade of grass. An hour after sunrise it will have mounted up in vapor and covered the sky with a curtain of cloud. An hour later that will have been warmed into transparency, and the empty sky will be again as clear as when every star seemed to hang below it in space.

Soon or late after Procopio's arrival comes the house-boy, Aurelio, wrapped in his *zarape* against the cool morning air. Being a friend of the cook, he lights her fires for her, saturating the sticks lavishly with petroleum when he can lay his hands on it. Her fires, for she uses three, are conveniently made on a table in the centre of the kitchen. This table is a rough affair and rests on four stout posts driven into the ground. It is covered with earth five or six inches deep, which is prevented from falling off by a ledge. The fires have burnt the earth hard, and the

wood ashes have made it smooth and grey. The space under the table is convenient for keeping the firewood. The pot over each fire rests, after the Mexican fashion, upon three stones, and the fire is made of sticks arranged in the form of a star. The converging points are lit, and as they burn, the sticks are thrust further in. The smoke finds its way out through the palm roof of the house, which it has blackened till the cedar rafters look like ebony. Belén smokes the house without smoking the dinner, at least not more than one learns to tolerate. She boils the milk for the morning coffee in a round jug of thin earthenware without a lid, and says that the way to keep it from the smoke is to boil it uncovered.

Before going out to work the men get hot coffee. It is made very sweet with the coarse brown sugar of the country, and each man, as his name is called, comes up with his bowl and gets his ladleful along with the first of his daily allowance of maize-cakes. He then squats down and eats his breakfast in a position which no man whose ancestors have sat on chairs can ever learn to adopt. Presently a bell rings, the men are mustered in line, the roll is called, the tools are given out and the gangs are sent off to work. As it is Sunday they only do a task of three or four hours, for which they receive no wages. It is supposed to be an equivalent for the day's food and lodging, and is called the *faena*.

The gangs started, I drink my coffee and then go to attend to the sick. This is a work that has to be done every day in the week, for on a plantation there are always some people sick, and almost always some shamming.

The thatched portico of the house, locally named the *corredor*, is the dispensary, and here the sufferers, true or feigned, wait their turn with Indian patience, a picturesque little crowd in the level sunshine of the morning.

Those who have fever are wrapped in their gaudy blankets. A man who has a sore head has a bright handkerchief tightly knotted round the base of his skull. A woman with a headache fixes a little bit of sticking-plaster, the size of a sixpence, on each temple. Sore legs are tied up in dirty rags. Women have brought bowls or bottles to carry away the medicine for patients who cannot leave their beds.

The treatment is of necessity a little rough and ready, and such common-sense and experience as may be available have to supply the place of professional skill. A good store is kept of Epsom salts and quinine, a roll of sticking-plaster, some phenicated vaseline, a little laudanum, a little ammonia for snake-bites and scorpion-stings, a little turpentine wherewith to treat the hideous *moyocuil* preparatory to squeezing him out of the great inflamed ball he makes under your skin. A poultice is easily made with hot milk and bread, or failing these (and they are often failing) the ever clean and convenient soap and sugar. Arnica grows wild among the mountains, and the Indians themselves make an infusion of this wonderful healer of wounds.

Alejandro, the tall mountaineer who has charge of our working bulls, is my first patient. His big straw *sombrero* is pulled low over his eyes, his scarlet blanket covers his mouth and nose, the end of it thrown over his left shoulder. In appearance he resembles the villain of the comic opera, but he comes forward only apologetic, ashamed of the trembling of his hands and the tottering of his steps. He has been hauling palm-leaves from the forest to repair a roof and has got soaked in the rain. Too strong a man to think it worth while to dry himself, he has sat down, taken his supper, and gone to sleep wet as he was. His little woman (*mujercita*) is temporarily at another plantation;

if she had been with him she would have given him dry clothes. I feel his pulse. It is beating quickly and his skin is burning. His head and all his bones ache. "*Está bastante fuerte la calentura*, (the fever is pretty strong,)" he says with a smile and a shake of the head. He gets a big dose of salts, and is told to go and lie down and to return to-morrow for a dose of quinine. I know he won't lie down; he will only sit about here and there in the shade; this is not his first *calentura*. To-morrow he will come up still weak and shaky, and will get twelve grains of quinine. Next day he will get ten grains, and in the afternoon will probably return to work. After that he will have a lessening dose every day for a week, at the end of which he will be as well as ever. But Alejandro is a *serrano*, a hillman, and an exceptionally strong one. Besides, as the other men say of him, "*tiene vergüenza* (he has shame)." They mean that he has a conscience, a sense of honor, too rare an endowment among Mexican workers.

Another fever patient is also a man from the mountains of the temperate region, who has got his illness by bathing in the river in the hot sun. The treatment for him is the same as for Alejandro, the regular treatment for fever, quinine preceded by an effectual cathartic. Ireneo has cut his foot with his hatchet. I wash it carefully, putting a drop of carbolic in the water, then apply arnica and close the wound with sticking-plaster. Ireneo winds on some bandage of his own over all, and hobbles off to pass the day gossiping in the neighborhood of the kitchen.

Joaquina comes with an ailing wailing baby. As I see no outward sign to account for the little creature's fretfulness, I infer a pain in its small stomach, and venture to administer a tiny dose of magnesia from my private stock. My proceeding is horribly em-

pirical, but I dare not disappoint the poor mother by doing nothing at all for her baby; it were better to give it a tea-spoonful of warm water and sugar. The Faith Cure even at second hand is not altogether a delusion.

In a distant and more ambitious plantation they have a doctor, a graduate of Mexico, which is no mean city in respect of its Medical School. He has an imposing diploma, bearing the seal of the University and his photograph incorporated in the text, so that no impostor may steal and use it. But I am told they have a larger proportion of sick and a longer average term of cure than we who treat by rule of thumb and rely largely upon luck. A doctor when he is new is apt to be very popular here, like any other novelty. His mere presence among them calls people's attention to the state of their health, and, like the reading of a book of domestic medicine, makes them imagine they have the symptoms of all sorts of illnesses. Besides there are motives for an Indian's actions, and the ways in which his ideas work, that are not to be interpreted by analogy with those of white people. He is capable of thinking that the doctor will be disappointed, and even offended, that perhaps he will go away, if patients do not turn up in plenty. He will come for treatment out of curiosity, to increase his knowledge, or out of avarice, fearful lest he may miss a share of anything valuable that may be going. And he will fish cunningly for a suggestion from the doctor's questions as to what kind of pain it may be well for him to have, and where it should be situated.

The sick disposed of, there is a gang of workers (time-expired men who have completed their contract) to be "liquidated," and this is the day for it; on a week-day it would interfere with business. The fourth commandment is read in Mexico, "Six days shalt thou

labor and do all thy work, and on the seventh shalt thou make up thy books."

These men have come down from their mountain villages to work on the plantation for a fixed period, and then to return. They do not engage for a very long time, their own crofts needing their care. Their wages are not paid weekly or fortnightly, but at the end of their contract. They have however received a portion of their earnings in advance before leaving home, ostensibly for their slender outfit and the expenses of their families during their absence. Small detaining debts of some have had to be paid before they could set out. The headmen of their villages have taken care to secure from the employer their monthly capitation tax. The majority have asked for and expended on superfluous drinks and cigarettes a weekly trifle of pocket-money. A few, looking to the end, have "scorned delights and lived laborious days." Others, unable to resist the seductions of the Store, have supplemented their rations with wheaten bread and white sugar, and their wardrobes with silk sashes and embroidered hats. These often find it hard to admit at liquidation, when they see their neighbors receiving much and themselves little, that they cannot eat their cake and have it. Each man has his separate debtor-and-creditor account in the plantation books and his pass-book to correspond. But many cannot read (though their wits are none the less keen in a bargain) and many speak only their Indian language. These have to be communicated with through their gang-leader, who knows enough Spanish for business purposes. Everything has to be explained at large and at length. Time is of no consequence and prompt despatch is suspicious. Thus the final adjustment of accounts to the mutual satisfaction of master and man often demands much temper

and tact, and always demands unlimited patience.

But now the *faena* is over work has ceased and all are free for the day. The store is thronged. Picturesque groups of men in big *sombreros* and clean white cotton shirts and trousers, and women in gay muslin skirts and long-fringed scarves stand or sit here and there. The crowd of spectators at the pay-table has had another fringe added to it. As we finish the last liquidation the house-boy comes to announce that the late breakfast (*almuerzo*) or early dinner, whichever one may choose to consider it, is ready, for it is eleven o'clock. The horn sounds to call the workers to their food. We arrange our papers, lock up the money-box, and sit down to table. Belén has cooked the meal. There is an excellent soup made of black beans, lard and grated cheese; but the chief glory of the meal is turkey, turkey chopped in pieces, stewed, and then smothered in a dark brown sauce. The dish is handed round and every body helps himself to the part he likes best, if he can distinguish it. If he cannot it makes little difference, for the principal ingredient in the sauce is *chile*, and every piece tastes as if it were red hot. This sauce is a great favorite in Mexico and is called *mole*, a word which means *mild*! The turkey is sometimes served whole, but in that case it is not trussed as we are used to see it, but lies pathetically on its side with its legs stretched half across the table. The house-boy, who also acts as housemaid, for he makes the beds and sweeps the rooms, and as butler, for he draws the corks, magnifies his office and distinguishes himself from the common servant by wearing a laundried shirt spotted with pink anchors, and tucking it in after the European fashion. He is also tightly belted with a scarf of purple silk. His feet are bare. He carries in the dishes from the kitchen, which is only

separated from the dining-room by a row of sticks. Belén comes and leans against the doorpost, arms and feet crossed and cigar in mouth, to watch with her sharp black eyes the progress of each morsel. She asks how we like this and that. We profess delight and smack our lips. We dare not criticise Belén in public, not in Spanish at any rate, and even in English she almost seems to know by divination when a word is said about cookery. We are in her power, for cooks are scarce, and we might never manage to cajole another into banishment in the wilderness.

After breakfast the workers betake themselves to private business or diversion. Most white men embrace the opportunity for a *siesta*. I have letters to write. But alas, on Sunday my Mexicans have some leisure too. Privacy has not yet been invented here, nor has it been discovered that anybody's time is of any value. I know an American who has built himself a little attic to his hut and retires into it when he desires to be alone, pulling the ladder up after him and letting his people clamor below for his attention in vain. He is thought to be disordered in his intellect. As yet I live as my neighbors do and am an easy prey to interruption.

I get to the length of "*Muy señor mío y amigo* (Dear sir and friend,)" and am considering in what polite Spanish I can best couch a remonstrance to a dilatory merchant in Veracruz, when I have to stop to arrange a dispute between the cook and another lady. It is all about a broken *molinillo*. I do not know this at first. The cook begins by a respectful offer to resign her situation, which is too serious not to engage my immediate attention. I am inexperienced in the ways of women. The *molinillo* is a little turned wooden thing, partly pestle, partly whisk, with which a Mexican lady grinds and

mixes the chocolate in her cup, whirling the instrument between the palms of her hands. There is, I fear, hard swearing on both sides. The thing has been lent. The borrower denies liability, setting up, as it seems, the defence made classical in the historic kettle case. The value of the utensil when new might be three half-pence. It seems little to make a fuss about between friends. I laugh, so do they. They care nothing for the *molinillo*, nothing whatever. They will go on with their work as I desire. For my part I see that what they really cared for was the importance of being allowed to talk at length in the presence of the *Patrón*. They have had their wish and go away perfectly satisfied.

But meantime a little man with a jolly smiling face arrives, a parcel under his arm, his great felt silver-tasselled hat in his hand, and comes forward to salute me with all the elaborate forms of Spanish-Mexican politeness. For a moment I do not recognize him. He is the *sastre ambulante*, the travelling tailor. I had fallen in with him at another plantation and given him a few yards of white duck and a commission to make me a couple of pairs of trousers. He produces them. They prove, on being tried there and then, to be rather generously cut, so he pulls out his shears and his needle and thread, his little legs seem to cross themselves automatically, and he sinks contentedly down on the ground to make the needful alterations.

I turn again to my writing, but I have not got down three sentences when there is a tramp of horses' feet outside. Visitors have arrived. They are strangers, but we are far from the region of hotels, and hospitality to the passing traveller is a matter of course. We shake hands and mutually introduce ourselves. They are Mexicans, two up-river tobacco planters and a San Juan merchant on their way coast-

wards. A *copita* of Spanish brandy in lieu of a cocktail is served round, and water is brought that our guests may wash off the dust of their journey while the remains of our breakfast and some tinned meats are set out for them.

After they have eaten we light our cigars and seat ourselves in the porch. Writing must be postponed till night. The thermometer behind us in the shade marks 104°. Aurelio comes up from the river and passes into the kitchen. Outside there is a small circle of idle people, and I know that every one of them will manage to bother me about something or other. I see among them an Indian who, as it is Sunday, has come in his canoe and has brought maize to sell. Another has a little present of fruit for me and of course a petition for a present in return,—a little medicine, or lime, or perhaps gunpowder. They are too polite to interrupt our conversation. All are perfectly good-natured. They can wait, till the evening, till to-morrow, till any time. Mexico is "*el país de mañana* (the country of to-morrow.)"

As we sit idly smoking, now and then asking or answering a question that occurs, or brushing off a mosquito, Aurelio, behind us, rubbing up a glass, remarks in a casual way, just as if he were saying that the flies are troublesome, "A woman is drowned down there."

"Drowned!" I say, "when?"

He thinks for a moment. "About a quarter of an hour ago," he says, holding the glass up to the light and eyeing it critically before placing it on the table.

I start up. "Where is she?"

Aurelio comes forward and points to the little group forming a circlet on the gravel. "There on the bank, señor," he says. "You can see them standing round her."

With a word of apology to my visitors, who look at me with polite sur-

prise, I pick up the brandy bottle and, calling to Aurelio to get the ammonia and follow me, I run quickly down.

There is a small circle of a dozen half-naked people crowding round something that lies on the ground. Fifty more are standing or sitting within as many yards, talking and laughing and quite indifferent to the poor little tragedy that has just happened beside them. One of the nearest groups is listening to a young fellow who sits under a tree a little way up the bank playing a guitar and occasionally improvising a comic verse. The people make way for me, and those about the drowned woman stand back. I recognize her as one of the *molenderas* (the women grinders at the mill), Petrona, a young unmarried girl. She lies on her back covered from breast to ankles with a piece of old sacking, her shawl folded and placed under her head. I ask what has been done, and two or three hasten to tell me. They have held down her head to let the water she had swallowed run out, but it was of no use; and now they have laid her down nicely. There is no more to be done; by-and-by her father will take her away. Her father is standing outside the little circle, his back towards it, and although he must hear every word he does not turn round. He is naked to the waist, and I can see that he has been in the water.

Making the people stand back, I kneel down and put the glass of my watch to the girl's lips. There is no sign of breath. I touch her hands and feet, and they are cold in spite of the blazing sun. I can feel no pulse at her wrist nor any beating of her heart.

I try to remember the directions (which we have all read at sometime somewhere) for resuscitating drowned persons, but meanwhile I do not delay to pour some brandy into her mouth, which I open with difficulty, and to hold the ammonia bottle to her nos-

trills. Then I set two men to slap the soles of her feet, and one to fan her face with his *sombrero*, while I and another move her arms from her sides up above her head and back again, so as to induce, so far as I know how, artificial respiration. No doubt I should have wrapped her in warm blankets, but none were available, and besides they could hardly have been hotter than the sun, which beats on us so fiercely that I ought to have a sun-stroke.

For a long time our labor appears to be ineffectual. The slappers and fanners have to be relieved by others. I feel as if I had worked an hour. The sun seems to be frying my spinal marrow as I stoop there on the burning gravel. But I think I remember that the directions are to persevere for two hours, and we persevere, for half-an-hour, maybe, or three-quarters. I pour some more brandy into her mouth. This time we think we see,—we are not quite sure—the faintest possible movement in her throat, like a feeble attempt to swallow. This cheers us and we do not slacken our efforts.

At last we see unmistakable signs of life. Her breast moves slightly of itself. She breathes. I call her father, and as soon as there is no doubt of her recovery I leave her in his charge.

When I inquire how the thing happened, I learn that Francisca, another *molendera*, the wife of one of the workers, asked Petrona to bathe with her. Enjoying themselves and frisking about in the warm river, they suddenly slipped over a ledge into a hole which was beyond their depth. Francisca could swim a stroke or two, Petrona not at all, and they went down. Someone saw them sink and called to the young men who were bathing near. These came to the rescue and speedily pulled out Francisca none the worse, though badly frightened. Then they dived and brought up poor Petrona,

who was carried ashore unconscious, and, after being treated ineffectually by the emptying process, was given over for dead sometime before my arrival on the scene.

I return to the house, passing on my way the gentleman with the guitar, who has never ceased playing all the time; indeed he continues his performance to an audience whose endurance is as remarkable as his own for the rest of the afternoon, only pausing for his supper, well into the night.

For my part, having completed the somewhat doubtful service to Petrona of bringing her back to a world where she is doomed to much toil and little gain, after she had probably got over the most painful part of the process of leaving it, I return to our guests. They take a calm and polite interest in hearing what has happened, and seem surprised, though too well-bred to say so, that I have taken so much trouble.

As we sit talking after supper, a long wail ascends from the people's quarters. It ceases soon and quietness succeeds. I send, however, to enquire the cause, and the watchman comes up to tell me. It seems that an afterpiece has followed the drama—or melodrama, as it had a guitar accompaniment. Francisca's husband had spent the afternoon in the woods and did not return till long after all was over. Some busybody hastened to tell him what had happened. He was annoyed, and, taking a stick, he gave his wife a good thrashing. This over, there is quietness.

The long day closes, and at last I am able to return to my writing. I bless the Spaniards for having at least changed the Day of Rest from the fifth day to the seventh. Were the Republic of Mexico to follow the example of the first Republic of France and ordain a week of ten instead of seven days, I feel that I could sigh an acquiescence.

Andrew Marshall.

THE CONNEMARA MARE.

PART I.

The grey mare who had been one of the last, if not the very last, of the sales at the Dublin Horse Show, was not at all happy in her mind.

Still less so was the dealer's understrapper, to whom fell the task of escorting her through the streets of Dublin. Her late owner's groom had assured him that she would "folly him out of his hand, and that whatever she'd see she wouldn't care for it nor ask to look at it!"

It cannot be denied, however, that when an electric tram swept past her like a terrace under way, closely followed by a cart laden with a clanking and horrific reaping-machine, she showed that she possessed powers of observation. The incident passed off with credit to the understrapper, but when an animal has to be played like a salmon down the length of Lower Mount Street, and when it barn-dances obliquely along the north side of Merriion Square, the worst may be looked for in Nassau Street.

And it was indeed in Nassau Street, and, moreover, in full view of the bow window of Kildare Street Club, that the cup of the understrapper's misfortunes brimmed over. To be sure, he could not know that the new owner of the grey mare was in that window; it was enough for him that a quiescent and unsuspected piano-organ broke with three majestic chords into Mascagni's "Intermezzo" at his very ear, and that, without any apparent interval of time, he was surmounting a heap composed of a newspaper boy, a sandwich man, and a hospital nurse, while his hands held nothing save a red-hot memory of where the rope had been. The smashing of glass and the

clatter of hoofs on the pavement filled in what space was left in his mind for other impressions.

"She's into the hat shop!" said Mr. Rupert Gunning to himself in the window of the club, recognizing his recent purchase and the full measure of the calamity in one and the same moment.

He also recognized in its perfection the fact, already suspected by him, that he had been a fool.

Upheld by this soothing reflection he went out into the street, where awaited him the privileges of proprietorship. These began with the despatching of the mare, badly cut, and apparently lame on every leg, in charge of the remains of the understrapper, to her destination. They continued with the consolation of the hospital nurse, and embraced in varying pecuniary degrees the compensation of the sandwich man, the newspaper boy, and the proprietor of the hat shop. During all this time he enjoyed the unfaltering attention of a fair-sized crowd, liberal in comment, prolific of imbecile suggestion. And all these things were only the beginning of the trouble.

Mr. Gunning proceeded to his room and to the packing of his portmanteau for that evening's mail-boat to Holyhead in a mood of considerable sourness. It may be conceded to him that circumstances had been of a souring character. He had bought Miss Fanny Fitzroy's grey mare at the Horse Show for reasons of an undeniably sentimental sort. Therefore, having no good cause to show for the purchase, he had made it secretly; the sum of sixty pounds, for an animal that he had consistently crabbed, amounting in the eyes of the world in general to a rather advanced love-token, if not a formal declaration. He had planned

no future for the grey mare, but he had cherished a trembling hope that some day he might be in a position to restore her to her late owner without considering the expression in any eyes save those which, a couple of hours ago, had recalled to him the play of lights in a Connemara trout stream.

Now, it appeared, this pleasing vision must go the way of many others.

The August sunlight illumined Mr. Gunning's folly, and his bulging portmanteau, packed as brutally as only a man in a fit of passion can pack; when he reached the hall, it also with equal inappropriateness irradiated the short figure and seedy tidiness of the dealer who had been his confederate in the purchase of the mare.

"What did the vet say, Brennan?" said Mr. Gunning, with the brevity of ill humor.

Mr. Brennan paused before replying; a pause laden with the promise of evil tidings. His short silvery hair glistened respectably in the sunshine: he had preserved unblemished from some earlier phase of his career the air of a family coachman out of place. It veiled, though it could not conceal, the dissolute twinkle in his eye as he replied:

"He said, sir, if it wasn't that she was something out of condition, he'd recommend you to send her out to the lions at the Zoo!"

The specimen of veterinary humor had hardly the success that had been hoped for it. Rupert Gunning's face was so remarkably void of appreciation that Mr. Brennan abruptly relapsed into gloom.

"He said he'd only be wasting his time with her, sir; he might as well go stitch a bog-hole as them wounds the window gave her; the tendon of the near fore is the same as in two halves with it, let alone the shoulder, that's worse again with her pitching out on the point of it."

"Was that all he had to say?" demanded the mare's owner.

"Well, beyond those remarks he passed about the Zoo, I should say it was, sir," admitted Mr. Brennan.

There was another pause, during which Rupert asked himself what the devil he was to do with the mare, and Mr. Brennan, thoroughly aware that he was doing so, decorously thumbed the brim of his hat.

"Maybe we might let her get the night, sir," he said, after a respectful interval, "and you might see her yourself in the morning—"

"I don't want to see her. I know well enough what she looks like," interrupted his client irritably. "Anyhow, I'm crossing to England to-night, and I don't choose to miss the boat for the fun of looking at an unfortunate brute that's cut half to pieces!"

Mr. Brennan cleared his throat. "If you were thinking to leave her in my stables, sir," he said firmly, "I'd sooner be quit of her. I've only a small place, and I'd lose too much time with her if I had to keep her the way she is. She might be on my hands three months and die at the end of it."

The clock here struck the quarter, at which Mr. Gunning ought to start for his train at Westland Row.

"You see, sir—" recommenced Brennan. It was precisely at this point that Mr. Gunning lost his temper.

"I suppose you can find time to shoot her," he said, with a very red face. "Kindly do so to-night!"

Mr. Brennan's arid countenance revealed no emotion. He was accustomed to understanding his clients a trifle better than they understood themselves, and inscrutable though Mr. Gunning's original motive in buying the mare had been, he had during this interview yielded to treatment and followed a prepared path.

That night, in the domestic circle, the

dealer went so far as to lay the matter before Mrs. Brennan.

"He picked out a mare that was as poor as a raven—though she's a good enough stamp if she was in condition—and tells me to buy her. 'What price will I give, sir?' says I. 'Ye'll give what they're askin',' says he, 'and that's sixty sovereigns!' I'm thirty years buying horses, and such a disgrace was never put on me, to be made a fool of before all Dublin! Going giving the first price for a mare that wasn't value for the half of it! Well; he sees the mare then, cut into garters below in Nassau Street. Devil a hair he cares! Nor never came down to the stable to put an eye on her! 'Shoot her!' says he, leppin' up on a car. 'Westland Row!' says he to the fella. 'Drive like blazes!' and away with him! Well, no matter; I earned my money easy, an' I got the mare cheap!"

Mrs. Brennan added another spoonful of brown sugar to the porter that she was mulling in a saucepan on the range.

"Didn't ye say it was a young lady that owned the mare, James?" she asked in a colorless voice.

"Well, you're the divil, Mary!" replied Mr. Brennan in sincere admiration.

The mail-boat was as crowded as is usual on the last night of the Horse Show week—overhead flowed the smoke river from the funnels, behind flowed the foam river of wake; the Hill of Howth receded apace into the west, and its lighthouse glowed like a planet in the twilight. Men with cigars, aggressively fit and dinner-ful, strode the deck in couples, and threshed out the Horse Show and Leopardstown to their uttermost husks.

Rupert Gunning was also, but with excessive reluctance, discussing the Horse Show. As he had given himself a good deal of trouble in order to cross on this particular evening, and as any-

one who was even slightly acquainted with Miss Fitzroy must have been aware that she would decline to talk of anything else, sympathy for him is not altogether deserved. The boat swung softly in a trance of speed, and Miss Fitzroy, better known to a large circle of intimates as Fanny Fitz, tried to think the motion was pleasant. She had made a good many migrations to England, by various routes and classes. There had, indeed, been times of stress when she had crossed unostentatiously third-class, trusting that luck and a thick veil might save her from her friends, but the day after she had sold a horse for sixty pounds was not the day for a daughter of Ireland to study economics. The breeze brought warm and subtle wafts from the machinery; it also blew wisps of hair into Fanny Fitz's eyes and over her nose, in a manner much revered in fiction, but in real life usually unbecoming and always exasperating. She leaned back on the bench and wondered whether the satisfaction of crowing over Mr. Gunning compensated her for abandoning the tranquil security of the Ladies' Cabin.

Mr. Gunning, though less contradictory than his wont, was certainly one of the most deliberately unsympathetic men she knew. None the less he was a man, and someone to talk to, both points in his favor, and she stayed on.

"I just missed meeting the man who bought my mare," she said, recurring to the subject for the fourth time; "apparently *he* didn't think her 'a leggy, long-backed brute,' as other people did, or said they did!"

"Did many people say it?" asked Mr. Gunning, beginning to make a cigarette.

"Oh, no one whose opinion signified!" retorted Fanny Fitz, with a glance from her charming, changeable eyes that suggested that she did not always mean quite what she said. "I believe

the dealer bought her for a Leicester-shire man. What she really wants is a big country where she can extend herself."

Mr. Gunning reflected that by this time the grey mare had extended herself once for all in Brennan's back-yard: he had done nothing to be ashamed of, but he felt abjectly guilty.

"If I go with Maudie to Connemara again next year," continued Fanny, "I must look out for another. You'll come too, I hope? A little opposition is such a help in making up one's mind! I don't know what I should have done without you at Leenane last June!"

Perhaps it was the vision of early summer that the words called up; perhaps it was the smile, half-seen in the semi-dark, that curved her provoking lips; perhaps it was compunction for his share in the tragedy of the Connemara mare; but possibly without any of these explanations Rupert would have done as he did, which was to place his hand on Fanny Fitz's as it lay on the bench beside him.

She was so amazed that for a moment she wildly thought he had mistaken it in the darkness for his tobacco-pouch. Then, jumping with a shock to the conclusion that even the unsympathetic Mr. Gunning shared most men's views about not wasting an opportunity, she removed her hand with a jerk.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said Rupert pusillanimously. Miss Fitzroy fell back again on the tobacco-pouch theory.

At this moment the glowing end of a cigar deviated from its orbit on the deck and approached them.

"Is that you, Gunning? I thought it was your voice," said the owner of the cigar.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Gunning, in a tone singularly lacking in encouragement. "Thought I saw you at dinner, but couldn't be sure."

As a matter of fact, no one could have been more thoroughly aware than he of Captain Carteret's presence in the saloon.

"I thought so too!" said Fanny Fitz, from the darkness, "but Captain Carteret wouldn't look my way!"

Captain Carteret gave a somewhat exaggerated start of discovery, and threw his cigar over the side. He had evidently come to stay.

"How was it I didn't see you at the Horse Show?" he said.

"The only people one ever sees there are the people one doesn't want to see," said Fanny. I could meet no one except the auctioneer from Craffroe, and he always said the same thing. 'Fearful sultry, Miss Fitzroy! Have ye a purchaser yet for your animal, Miss Fitzroy? Ye have not! Oh, fie, fie!' It was rather funny at first, but it palled."

"I was only there one day," said Captain Carteret; "I wish I'd known you had a horse up, I might have helped you to sell."

"Thanks! I sold all right," said Fanny Fitz magnificently. "Did rather well, too!"

"Capital!" said Captain Carteret vaguely. His acquaintance with Fanny extended over a three-day shooting party in Kildare, and a dance given by the detachment of his regiment at Enniscar, for which he had come down from the depôt. It was not sufficient to enlighten him as to what it meant to her to own and sell a horse for the first time in her life.

"By the by, Gunning," he went on, "you seemed to be having a lively time in Nassau Street yesterday! My wife and I were driving in from the polo, and we saw you in the thick of what looked like a street row. Someone in the club afterwards told me it was a horse you had only just bought at the show that had come to grief. I hope it wasn't much hurt?"

There was a moment of silence—astonished, inquisitive silence on the part of Miss Fitzroy; temporary cessation of the faculty of speech on that of Mr. Gunning. It was the moment, as he reflected afterwards, for a clean, decisive lie, a denial of all ownership; either that, or the instant flinging of Captain Carteret overboard.

Unfortunately for him, he did neither: he lied partially, timorously, and with that clinging to the skirts of the truth that marks the novice.

"Oh, she was all right," he said, his face purpling heavily in the kindly darkness. What was the polo like, Carteret?"

"But I had no idea that you had bought a horse!" broke in Fanny Fitz, in high excitement. "Why didn't you tell Maudie and me? What is it like?"

"Oh, it's—she's just a cob—a grey cob—I just picked her up at the end of the show."

"What sort of a cob? Can she jump? Are you going to ride her with Freddy's hounds?" continued the implacably interested Fanny.

"I bought her as—as a trapper, and to do a bit of carting," replied Rupert, beginning suddenly to feel his powers of invention awakening; "she's quite a common brute. She doesn't jump."

"She seems to have jumped pretty well in Nassau Street," remarked Captain Carteret; "as well as I could see in the crowd, she didn't strike me as if she'd take kindly to carting."

"Well, I do think you might have told us about it!" reiterated Fanny Fitz. "Men are so ridiculously mysterious about buying or selling horses. I simply named my price and got it. I see nothing to make a mystery about in a deal; do you, Captain Carteret?"

"Well, that depends on whether you are buying or selling," replied Captain Carteret.

But Fate, in the shape of a turning tide and a consequent roll, played for

once into the hands of Rupert Gunning. The boat swayed slowly, but deeply, and a waft of steam blew across Miss Fitzroy's face. It was not mere steam; it had been among hot oily things, stealing and giving odor. Fanny Fitz was not ill, but she knew that she had her limits, and that conversation, save of the usual rudimentary kind with the stewardess, were best abandoned.

Miss Fitzroy's movements during the next two and a half months need not be particularly recorded. They included—

1. A week in London, during which the sixty pounds, or a great part of it, acquired by the sale of the Connemara mare, passed imperceptibly into items none of which, on a strict survey of expenditure, appeared to exceed three shillings and ninepence.

2. A month at Southsea, with Rupert Gunning's sister, Maudie Spicer, where she again encountered Captain Carteret, and entered aimlessly upon a semi-platonic and wholly unprofitable flirtation with him. During this epoch she wore out the remnant of her summer clothes and laid in substitutes; rather encouraged than otherwise by the fact that she had long since lost touch with the amount of her balance at the bank.

3. An expiatory and age-long sojourn of three weeks with relations at an Essex vicarage, mitigated only by persistent bicycling with her uncle's curate. The result, as might have been predicted by anyone acquainted with Miss Fitzroy, was that the curate's affections were diverted from the bourne long appointed for them—namely, the eldest daughter of the house—and that Fanny departed in blackest disgrace, with the single consolation of knowing that she would never be asked to the vicarage again.

Finally she returned, third-class, to her home in Ireland, with nothing to

show for the expedition except a new and very smart habit, and a vague assurance that Captain Carteret would give her a mount now and then with Freddy Alexander's hounds. Captain Carteret was to be on detachment at Enniscar.

PART II.

Mr. William Fennesy, lately returned from America, at present publican in Enniscar and proprietor of a small farm on its outskirts, had taken a grey mare to the forge.

It was now November, and the mare had been out at grass for nearly three months, somewhat to the detriment of her figure, but very much to her general advantage. Even in the South-West of Ireland it is not usual to keep horses out quite so late in the year, but Mr. Fennesy, having begun his varied career as a travelling tinker, was not the man to be bound by convention.

He had provided the mare with the society of a donkey and two sheep, and with the shelter of a filthy and ruinous cowshed. Taking into consideration the fact that he had only paid seven pounds ten shillings for her, he thought this accommodation was as much as she was entitled to.

She was now drooping and dozing in a dark corner of the forge, waiting her turn to be shod, while the broken spring of a car was being patched, as shaggy and as dirty a creature as had ever stood there.

"Where did ye get that one?" inquired the owner of the car of Mr. Fennesy, in the course of much lengthy conversation.

"I got her from a cousin of my own that died down in the county Limerick," said Mr. Fennesy in his most agreeable manner. "'Twas himself bred her, and she was near deshtroyed fallin' back on a harra' with him. It's for postin' I have her."

"She's shlack enough yet," said the carman.

"Ah, wait awhile!" said Mr. Fennesy easily; "in a week's time, when I'll have her clipped out, she'll be as clean as amber."

The conversation flowed on to other themes.

It was nearly dark when the carman took his departure, and the smith, a silent youth with sore eyes, caught hold of one of the grey mare's fetlocks and told her to "lift!" He examined each hoof in succession by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, raked his fire together, and then, turning to Mr. Fennesy, remarked:

"Ye'd laugh if ye were here the day I put a slipper on this one, an' she afther comin' out o' the thrain—last June it was. 'Twas one Connolly back from Craffroe side was taking her from the station; him that thrained her for Miss Fitzroy. She gave him the two heels in the face." The glow from the fire illumined the smith's sardonic grin of remembrance. "She had a sandcrack in the near fore that time, and there's the sign of it yet."

The Cinderella-like episode of the slipper had naturally not entered into Mr. Fennesy's calculations, but he took the unforeseen without a change of countenance.

"Well, now," he said deliberately, "I was sayin' to meself on the road a while ago, if there was one this side o' the country would know her it'd be yerself."

The smith took the compliment with a blink of his sore eyes.

"Annyone'd be hard set to know her now," he said.

There was a pause, during which a leap of sparks answered each thump of the hammer on the white-hot iron, and Mr. Fennesy arranged his course of action.

"Well, Larry," he said, "I'll tell ye now what no one in this country

knows but meself and Patsey Crimmeen. Sure I know it's as good to tell a thing to the ground as to tell it to yerself!"

He lowered his voice.

"'Twas Mr. Gunning of Streamstown bought that one from Miss Fitzroy at the Dublin Show, and a hundred pound he gave for her!"

The smith mentally docked this sum by seventy pounds, but said, "By dam!" in polite convention.

"'Twasn't a week after that I got her for twenty-five pound!"

The smith made a further mental deduction equally justified by the facts; the long snore and wheeze of the bellows filled the silence, and the dirty walls flushed and glowed with the steady crescendo and diminuendo of the glow.

The ex-finker picked up the bottle with the candle. "Look at that!" he said, lowering the light and displaying a long transverse scar beginning at the mare's knee and ending in an enlarged fetlock.

"I seen that," said the smith.

"And look at that!" continued Mr. Fennessy, putting back the shaggy hair on her shoulder. A wide and shiny patch of black skin showed where the hatter's plate glass had flayed the shoulder. "She played the divil goin' through the streets, and made flitters of herself this way, in a shop window. Gunning give the word to shoot her. The dealer's boy told Patsey Crimmeen. 'Twas Patsey was careing her at the show for Miss Fitzroy. Shtan' will ye!"—this to the mare, whose eyes glinted white as she flung away her head from the light of the candle.

"Whatever fright she got she didn't forget it," said the smith.

"I was up in Dublin meself the same time," pursued Mr. Fennessy. "After I seen Patsey I took a sthroll down to Brennan's yard. The leg was in two halves, barrin' the shkin, and the

showldher swoll up as big as a sack o' male. I was three or four days goin' down to look at her this way, and I seen she wasn't as bad as what they thought. I come in one morning, and the boy says to me, 'The boss has three horses comin' in to-day, an' I dunno where'll we put this one.' I goes to Brennan, and he sitting down to his breakfast, and the wife with him. 'Sir,' says I, 'for the honor of God sell me that mare!' We had hard strugglin' then. In the latter end the wife says, 'It's as good for ye to part her, James,' says she, 'and Mr. Gunning'll never know what way she went. This honest man'll never say where he got her.' 'I will not, ma'am,' says I. 'I have a brother in the postin' line in Belfast, and it's for him I'm buyin' her.'"

The process of making nail-holes in the shoe seemed to engross the taciturn young smith's attention for the next minute or two.

"There was a man over from Craffroe in town yesterday," he observed presently, "that said Mr. Gunning was lookin' out for a cob, and he'd fancy one that would lep."

He eyed his work sedulously as he spoke.

Something, it might have been the light of the candle, woke a flicker in Mr. Fennessy's eye. He passed his hand gently down the mare's quarter.

"Supposing now that the mane was off her, and something about six inches of a dock took off her tail, what sort of a cob d'ye think she'd make, Larry?"

The smith, with a sudden falsetto cackle of laughter, plunged the shoe into a tub of water, in which it gurgled and spluttered as if in appreciation of the jest.

PART III.

Dotted at intervals throughout society are the people endowed with the faculty for "getting up things." They

are dauntless people, filled with the power of driving lesser and deeper reluctant spirits before them; remorseless to the timid, carneying to the stubborn.

Of such was Mrs. Carteret, with powers matured in hill-stations in India, mellowed by much voyaging in P. and O. steamers. Not even an environment as unpromising as that of Enniscar in its winter torpor had power to dismay her. A public whose artistic tastes had hitherto been nourished upon travelling circuses, Nationalist meetings, and missionary magic-lanterns in the Wesleyan schoolhouse, was, she argued, practically virgin soil, and would ecstatically respond to any form of cultivation.

"I know there's not much talent to be had," she said combatively to her husband, "but we'll just black our faces, and call ourselves the Green Coons or something, and it will be all right!"

"Dashed if I'll black my face again," said Captain Carteret; "I call it rot trying to get up anything here. There's no one to do anything."

"Well, there's ourselves and little Taylour" ("little Taylour," it may be explained, was Captain Carteret's sub-altern), "that's two banjoes and a bones anyhow; and Freddy Alexander; and there's your dear friend Fanny Fitz—she'll be home in a few days, and those two big Hamilton girls—"

"Oh, Lord!" ejaculated Captain Carteret.

"Oh, yes!" continued Mrs. Carteret, unheedingly, "and there's Mr. Gunning; he'll come if Fanny Fitz does."

"He'll not be much advantage when he does come," said Captain Carteret spitefully.

"Oh, he sings," said Mrs. Carteret, arranging her neat small fringe at the glass—"rather a good voice. You needn't be afraid, my dear: I'll arrange that the fascinating Fanny shall sit next you!"

Upon this somewhat unstable basis the formation of the troupe of Green Coons was undertaken. Mrs. Carteret took off her coat to the work, or rather, to be accurate, she put on a fur-lined one, and attended a Nationalist meeting in the Town Hall to judge for herself how the voices carried. She returned rejoicing—she had sat at the back of the hall, and had not lost a syllable of the oratory, even during sundry heated episodes, discreetly summarized by the local paper as "Interruption." The Town Hall was chartered, superficially cleansed, and in the space of a week the posters had gone forth.

By what means it was accomplished that Rupert Gunning should attend the first rehearsal he did not exactly understand: he found himself enmeshed in a promise to meet everyone else at the Town Hall, with tea at the Carterets' afterwards. Up to this point the fact that he was to appear before the public with a blackened face had been diplomatically withheld from him, and an equal diplomacy was shown on his arrival in the deputing of Miss Fitzroy to break the news to him.

"Mrs. Carteret says it's really awfully becoming," said Fanny, breathless and brilliant from assiduous practice of a hornpipe under Captain Carteret's tuition, "and as for trouble! We might as well make a virtue of necessity in this incredibly dirty place; my hands are black already, and I've only swept the stage!"

She was standing at the edge of the platform that was to serve as the stage, looking down at him, and it may be taken as a sufficient guide to his mental condition that his abhorrence of the prospect for himself was swallowed up by fury at the thought of it for her.

"Are you—do you mean to tell me you are going to dance *with a black*

face?" he demanded in bitter and incongruous wrath.

"No, I'm going to dance with Captain Carteret!" replied Fanny frivolously, "and so can you if you like!"

She was maddeningly pretty as she smiled down at him, with her bright hair roughened, and the afterglow of the dance alight in her eyes and cheeks. Nevertheless, for one whirling moment, the old Adam, an Adam blissfully unaware of the existence of Eve, asserted himself in Rupert. He picked up his cap and stick without a word, and turned towards the door. There, however, he was confronted by Mrs. Carteret, tugging at a line of chairs attached to a plank, like a very small bird with a very large twig. To refuse the aid that she immediately demanded was impossible, and even before the future back row of the six-pennies had been towed to its moorings, he realized that hateful as it would be to stay and join in these distasteful revels, it would be better than going home and thinking about them.

From this the intelligent observer may gather that absence had had its traditional, but by no means invariable, effect upon the heart of Mr. Gunning, and, had any further stimulant been needed, it had been supplied in the last few minutes by the aggressive and possessive manner of Captain Carteret.

The rehearsal progressed after the manner of amateur rehearsals. The troupe, with the exception of Mr. Gunning, who remained wrapped in silence, talked irrepressibly, and quite inappropriately to their rôle as Green Coons. Freddy Alexander and Mr. Taylour bear-fought untiringly for possession of the bones and the position of Corner Man; Mrs. Carteret alone had a copy of the music that was to be practised, and in consequence, the company hung heavily over her at the

piano in a deafening and discordant swarm. The two tall Hamiltons, hitherto speechless by nature and by practice, became suddenly exhilarated at finding themselves in the inner circle of the soldiery, and bubbled with impotent suggestions and reverential laughter at the witticisms of Mr. Taylour. Fanny Fitz and Captain Carteret finally removed themselves to a grimy corner behind the proscenium, and there practised, sotto voce, the song with banjo accompaniment that was to culminate in the hornpipe. Freddy Alexander had gone forth to purchase a pack of cards, in the futile hope that he could prevail upon Mrs. Carteret to allow him to inflict conjuring tricks upon the audience.

"As if there were anything on earth that bored people as much as card tricks!" said that experienced lady to Rupert Gunning. "Look here, *would* you mind reading over these riddles, to see which you'd like to have to answer. Now, here's a local one. I'll ask it—'Why am dis room like de Enniscar Demesne?'—and then *you'll* say, 'Because dere am so many pretty little deers in it'!"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that!" said Rupert hastily, alarmed as well as indignant; "I'm afraid I really must go now——"

He had to pass by Fanny Fitz on his way out of the hall. There was something vexed and forlorn about him, and, being sympathetic, she perceived it, though not its cause.

"You're deserting us!" she said, looking up at him.

"I have an appointment," he said stiffly, his glance evading hers, and resting on Captain Carteret's well-clipped little black head.

Some of Fanny's worst scrapes had been brought about by her incapacity to allow anyone to part from her on bad terms, and, moreover, she liked Rupert Gunning. She cast about in her

mind for something conciliatory to say to him.

"When are you going to show me the cob that you bought at the Horse Show?"

The olive branch thus confidently tendered had a somewhat withering reception.

"The cob I bought at the Horse Show?" Mr. Gunning repeated with an increase of rigidity. "Oh, yes—I got rid of it."

He paused; the twangling of Captain Carteret's banjo bridged the interval imperturbably.

"Why had you to get rid of it?" asked Fanny, still sympathetic.

"She was a failure!" said Rupert vindictively; "I made a fool of myself in buying her!"

Fanny looked at him sideways from under her lashes.

"And I had counted on your giving me a mount on her now and then!"

Rupert forgot his wrath, forgot even the twangling banjo.

"I've just got another cob," he said quickly, "she jumps very well, and if you'd like to hunt her next Tuesday —"

"Oh, thanks awfully, but Captain Carteret has promised me a mount for next Tuesday!" said the perfidious Fanny.

Mrs. Carteret, on her knees by a refractory footlight, watched with anxiety Mr. Gunning's abrupt departure from the room.

"Fanny!" she said severely, "what have you been doing to that man?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Fanny.

"If you've put him off singing I'll never forgive you!" continued Mrs. Carteret, advancing on her knees to the next footlight.

"I tell you I've done nothing to him," said Fanny Fitz guiltily.

"Give me the hammer!" said Mrs. Carteret. "Have I eyes, or have I not?"

"He's awfully keen about her!" Mrs. Carteret said that evening to her husband. "Bad temper is one of the worst signs. Men in love are always cross."

"Oh, he's a rotter!" said Captain Carteret conclusively.

In the meantime the object of this condemnation was driving his ten Irish miles home, by the light of a frosty full moon. Between the shafts of his cart a trim-looking mare of about fifteen hands trotted lazily, forging, shying, and generally comporting herself in a way only possible to a grass-fed animal who has been in the hands of such as Mr. William Fennessy. The thick and dingy mane that had hung impartially on each side of her neck, now, together with the major portion of her voluminous tail, adorned the manure heap in the rear of the Fennessy public-house. The pallid fleece in which she had been muffled had given place to a polished coat of iron-grey, that looked black in the moonlight. A week of over-abundant oats had made her opinionated, but had not, so far, restored to her the fine-lady nervousness that had landed her in the window of the hat-shop.

Rupert laid the whip along her fat sides with bitter disfavor. She was a brute in harness, he said to himself, her blemished fetlock was uglier than he had at first thought, and even though she had yesterday schooled over two miles of country like an old stager, she was too small to carry him, and she was not, apparently, wanted to carry anyone else. Here the purchase received a very disagreeable cut on the neck that interrupted her speculations as to the nature of the shadows of telegraph-posts. To have bought two useless horses in four months was pretty average bad luck. It was also pretty bad luck to have been born a fool. Reflection here became merged in the shapeless and futile fumings of a man badly in love and preposterously jealous.

Known only to the elect among Entertainment Promoters are the methods employed by Mrs. Carteret to float the company of The Green Coons. The fact remains that on the appointed night the chosen troupe, approximately word-perfect, and with spirits something chastened by stage fright, were assembled in the clerk's room of the Enniscar Town Hall, round a large basin filled horribly with a compound of burnt cork and water.

"It's not as bad as it looks!" said Mrs. Carteret, plunging in her hands and heroically smearing her face with a mass of black, oozy matter believed to be a sponge. "It's quite becoming if you do it thoroughly. Mind, all of you, get it well into your ears and the roots of your hair!"

The Hamiltons, giggling wildly, submitted themselves to the ministrations of Freddy Alexander, and Mrs. Carteret, appallingly transformed into a little West Indian coolie woman, applied the sponge to the shrinking Fanny Fitz.

"Will you do Mr. Gunning, Fanny?" she whispered into one of the ears that she had conscientiously blackened. "I think he'd bear it better from you!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" replied Fanny, with a dignity somewhat impaired by her ebon countenance and monstrous green turban.

"Why not?"

Mrs. Carteret's small neat features seemed unnaturally sharpened, and her eyes and teeth glittered in her excitement.

"For goodness sake, take your awful little black face away, Mabel!" exclaimed Fanny hysterically. "It quite frightens me! I'm *very* angry with Mr. Gunning! I'll tell you why some other time."

"Well, don't forget you've got to say, 'Buck up, Sambo!' to him after he's sung his song, and you may fight with him as much as you like afterwards,"

said Mrs. Carteret, hurrying off to paint glaring vermilion mouths upon the loudly protesting Hamiltons.

During these vicissitudes, Rupert Gunning, arrayed in a green swallow-tailed calico coat, short white cotton trousers, and a skimpy nigger wig, presented a pitiful example of the humiliations which the allied forces of love and jealousy can bring upon the just. Fanny Fitz has since admitted that, in spite of the wrath that burned within her, the sight of Mr. Gunning morosely dabbing his long nose with the repulsive sponge that was shared by the troupe, almost moved her to compassion.

A pleasing impatience was already betraying itself in cat-calls and stampings from the sixpenny places, and Mrs. Carteret, flitting like a sheep dog round her flock, arranged them in couples and drove them before her on to the stage, singing in chorus, with a fair assumption of hilarity, "As we go marching through Georgia."

For Fanny Fitz the subsequent proceedings became merged in a nightmare of blinding heat and glare, made actual only by poignant anxiety as to the length of her green skirt. The hope that she might be unrecognizable was shattered by the yell of "More power, Miss Fanny!" that crested the thunderous encore, evoked by her hornpipe with Captain Carteret; and the question of the skirt was decided by the fact that her aunts, in the front row, firmly perused their programmes from the beginning of her dance to its conclusion.

The entertainment went with varying success, after the manner of its kind. The local hits and personal allusions, toilsomely compiled and ardently believed in, were received in damping silence, while Rupert Gunning's song, of the truculent order dedicated to basses, and sung by him with a face that would have done credit to Othello, received

an ovation that confirmed Captain Carteret in his contempt for country audiences. The performance raged to its close in a "Cake Walk," to the inspiring strains of "Razors a-flying through the air," and the curtain fell on what the *Enniscar Independent* described cryptically as "*a tout ensemble à la conversazione* that was refreshingly unique."

"Five minutes more and I should have had heat apoplexy!" said Mrs. Carteret, hurling her turban across the clerk's room, "but it all went splendidly! Empty that basin out of the window, somebody, and give me the vaseline. The last time I blacked my face it was covered with red spots for a week afterwards because I used soap instead of vaseline!"

Rupert Gunning approached Fanny with an open note in his hand.

"I've had this from your aunt," he said, handing it to her; it was decorated with sooty thumb-marks, to which Fanny's black claw contributed a fresh batch as she took it, but she read it without a smile.

It was to the effect that the heat of the room had been too much for the elder Misses Fitzroy, and they had therefore gone home, but as Mr. Gunning had to pass their gate perhaps he would be kind enough to drive their niece home.

"Oh—" said Fanny, in tones from which dismay was by no means eliminated. "How stupid of Aunt Rachel!"

"I'm afraid there seems no way out of it for you," said Rupert offensively.

A glimpse of their two wrathful black faces in the glass abruptly checked Fanny's desire to say something crushing. At this juncture she would rather have died than laughed.

Burnt cork is not lightly to be removed at the first assay, and when, half an hour later, Fanny Fitz, with a pale and dirty face, stood under the dismal light of the lamp outside the

Town Hall, waiting for Mr. Gunning's trap, she had the pleasure of hearing a woman among the loiterers say compassionately:

"God help her, the crayture! She looks like a servant that'd be bate out with work!"

Mr. Gunning's new cob stood hearkening with flickering ears to the various commotions of the street—she understood them all perfectly well, but her soul being uplifted by reason of oats, she chose to resent them as impertinences. Having tolerated with difficulty the instalment of Miss Fitzroy in the trap, she started with a flourish, and pulled hard until clear of the town and its flaring public-houses. On the open road, with nothing more enlivening than the dark hills, half-seen in the light of the rising moon, she settled down. Rupert turned to his silent companion. He had become aware during the evening that something was wrong, and his own sense of injury was frightened into the background.

"What do you think of my new buy?" he said pacifically. "She's a good goer, isn't she?"

"Very," replied Fanny.

Silence again reigned. One or two further attempts at conversation met with equal discouragement. The miles passed by. At length, as the mare slackened to walk up a long hill, Rupert said with a voice that had the shake of pent-up injury:

"I've been wondering what I've done to be put into Coventry like this!"

"I thought you probably wouldn't care to speak to me!" was Fanny's astonishing reply, delivered in tones of ice.

"I!" he stammered, "not care to speak to *you*! You ought to know—"

"Yes, indeed, I do know!" broke in Fanny, passing from the frigid to the torrid zone with characteristic speed, "I know what a *failure* your horse-

dealing at the Dublin Show was! I've heard how you bought my mare, and had her shot the same night, because you wouldn't take the trouble even to go and look at her after the poor little thing was hurt! Oh! I can't bear even to think of it!"

Rupert Gunning remained abjectly and dumbfoundedly silent.

"And then," continued Fanny, whirling on to the final point of her indictment, "you pretended to Captain Carteret and me that the horse you had bought was a 'common brute,' a *cob for carting*, and you said the other night that you had made a fool of yourself over it! I didn't know then all about it, but I do now. Captain Carteret heard about it from the dealer in Dublin. Even the dealer said it was a pity you hadn't given the mare a chance!"

"It's all perfectly true," said Rupert, in a low voice.

A soft answer, so far from turning away wrath, frequently inflames it.

"Then I think there's no more to be said!" said Fanny hotly.

There was silence. They had reached the top of the hill, and the grey mare began to trot.

"Well, there's just one thing I should like to say," said Rupert awkwardly, his breath coming very short, "I couldn't help everything going wrong about the mare. It was just my bad luck. I only bought her to please you. They told me she couldn't get right after the accident. What was the good of my going to look at her? I wanted to cross in the boat with you. Whatever I did I did for you. I would do anything in the world for you—"

It was at this crucial moment that there arose suddenly from the dim grey road in front of them a slightly greyer shadow, a shadow that limped amid the clanking of chains. The Connemara mare, now masquerading as a county Cork cob, asked for nothing better. If it were a ghost, she was legiti-

mately entitled to flee from it; if, as was indeed the case, it was a donkey, she made a point of shying at donkeys. She realized that, by a singular stroke of good fortune, the reins were lying in loops on her back.

A snort, a sideways bound, a couple of gleeful kicks on the dashboard, and she was away at full gallop, with one rein under her tail, and a pleasant open road before her.

"It's all right!" said Rupert, recovering his balance by a hairbreadth, and feeling in his heart that it was all wrong, "the Craffroe Hill will stop her. Hold on to the rail."

Fanny said nothing. It was, indeed, all that she could do to keep her seat in the trap, with which the rushing road was playing cup and ball; she was, besides, not one of the people who are conversational in emergencies. When an animal, as active and artful as the Connemara mare, is going at some twenty miles an hour, with one of the reins under its tail, endeavors to detach the rein are not much avail, and when the tail is still tender from recent docking, they are a good deal worse than useless. Having twice nearly fallen on his head, Rupert abandoned the attempt and prayed for the long stiff ascent of the Craffroe Hill.

It came swiftly out of the grey moonlight. At its foot another road forked to the right; instead of facing the hill that led to home and stable, the mare swung into the side road, with one wheel up on the grass, and the cushions slipping from the seat, and Rupert, just saving the situation with the left rein that remained to him, said to himself that they were in for a bad business.

For a mile they swung and clattered along it, with the wind striking and splitting against their faces like a cold and tearing stream of water; a light wavered and disappeared across the pallid fields to the left, a group of

starveling trees on a hill slid up into the skyline behind it, and at last it seemed as if some touch of self-control, some suggestion of having had enough of the joke, was shortening the mare's grasping stride. The trap pitched more than ever as she came up into the shafts and back into her harness; she twisted suddenly to the left into a narrow lane, cleared the corner by an impossible fluke, and Fanny Fitz was hurled ignominiously on to Rupert Gunning's lap. Long briars and twigs struck them from either side, the trap bumped in craggy ruts and slashed through wide puddles, then reeled irretrievably over a heap of stones and tilted against the low bank to the right.

Without any exact knowledge of how she got there, Fanny found herself on her hands and knees in a clump of bracken on top of the bank; Rupert was already picking himself out of rugs and other jetsam in the field below her, and the mare was proceeding up the lane at a disorderly trot, having jerked the trap on to its legs again from its reclining position.

Fanny was lifted down into the lane; she told him that she was not hurt, but her knees shook, her hands trembled, and the arm that was round her tightened its clasp in silence. When a man is strongly moved by tenderness and anxiety and relief, he can say little to make it known; he need not—it is known beyond all telling by the one other person whom it concerns. She felt suddenly that she was safe, that his heart was torn for her sake, and that the tension of the last ten minutes had been great. It went through her with a pang, and her head swayed against his arm. In a moment

she felt his lips on her hair, on her temple, and the oldest, the most familiar of all words of endearment was spoken at her ear. She recovered herself, but in a new world. She tried to walk on up the lane, but stumbled in the deep ruts and found the supporting arm again ready at need. She did not resist it.

A shrill neigh arose in front of them. The mare had pulled up at a closed gate, and was apparently apostrophizing some low farm buildings beyond it. A dog barked hysterically, the door of a cowshed burst open, and a man came out with a lantern.

"Oh, I know now where we are!" cried Fanny wildly; "it's Johnny Connolly's! Oh, Johnny, Johnny Connolly, we've been run away with!"

"For God's sake," responded Johnny Connolly, standing stock still in his amazement, "is that Miss Fanny?"

"Get hold of the mare," shouted Rupert, "or she'll jump the gate!"

Johnny Connolly advanced, still calling upon his God, and the mare uttered a low but vehement neigh.

"Ye're deshtroyed Miss Fanny! And Mr. Gunning, the Lord save us! Ye're killed the two o' ye! What happened ye at all? Woa gerri, woa gerrlie! Ye'd say she knew me, the crayture."

The mare was rubbing her dripping face and neck against the farmer's shoulder, with hoarse whispering snorts of recognition and pleasure. He held his lantern high to look at her.

"Musha why wouldn't she know me?" he roared. "Sure it's yer own mare, Miss Fanny! 'Tis the Connemara mare I thrained for ye! And may the divil sweep and roast thim that has it told through all the counthry that she was killed!"

E. G. Somerville and Martin Ross.

BATTLES IN FICTION.

Sonnez, trompettes et clairons, wrote the candid war-poet of a bygone age:

Afin que bon butin gagnons,
Et que puissions bon bruit acquerre,
Entre nous, gentilz compagnons,
Suyvons la guerre.

We must assume that this appeal was originally addressed only to the *hommes d'armes* of whom the poet speaks, but in those days, as in our own, the invitation might appear almost equally significant to the man of letters. The minstrel, or ballad-singer, the novelist of the Middle Ages, sang only of war when he did not sing of love; and if the novelist of our own time would reap the spoil, *le bon butin*, and the *bon bruit* of literary renown, let him, in spirit, *suyre la guerre*, and describe the result as convincingly as he may.

His influence is, in a sense, wider than that of the historian; his public is larger, more ignorant, and less critical. But, on the other hand, his task is harder, and his influence, though far-reaching, is more difficult to acquire. The historian has done his duty when he has collected his facts, and set them intelligibly in order; the result may or may not be inspiring, but no conscientious student has the right to demand more. To the novelist the mere possession of undoubted historical knowledge is of little or no avail; if it were otherwise the proper appreciation of his efforts would require a degree of information not usually found among the readers of novels. Those whose names are most prominently connected with warfare in fiction—such writers as Tolstoy, Zola, Erckmann-Chatrian—are pronounced by authorities to be above reproach as regards correctness of fact; the last

named have even been quoted by historians as an example of accuracy; but to the average novel reader who, in all justice, should here be allowed an opinion, this technical exactness seems a small thing indeed compared with the gifts of insight and imagination which make their work unforgettable. Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, where the hero's mind and character, in battle or elsewhere, are revealed as perhaps no character has been revealed to us since Hamlet; Erckmann-Chatrian's *Conscrit de 1813*, where the prosaic outlook of the principal figure is so marvellously turned to account by the authors' imaginative power; Zola's *Débâcle*, which changes the whole French army from a historian's machine into a colossal living figure; all these depend for their effect not upon any special acquaintance with military tactics, but upon the writer's perceptive and imaginative faculties acting on those of the reader. *Ce qui importe*, for a writer of fiction at least, *c'est l'évocation des sentiments justes*, and should he grow careless in matters of historic fact, we may safely assume that there will be no lack of chroniclers ready to point out his error.

Records of personal impressions—genuine, not fictitious—have never been more in favor than at the present day. Still, letters and diaries notwithstanding, it is, and must be, the privilege of the novelist to write in detail of actual mental sensations. We know that every individual who has taken part in any action must have had, throughout it, thoughts and feelings of his own, yet it is manifestly impossible that such personal emotions should ever be treated as a matter of history, even in these days of mental analysis. We must be content to know nothing concerning them which can be proved,

nothing that research can help us to discover. The most gifted and industrious historian can tell us little more of what Nelson or Jervis felt at the battle of St. Vincent than of what passed in the mind of the least conspicuous seaman who was present on the occasion. We should instinctively resent it if he were to make the attempt; for if the novelist who overwhelms us with his tactical knowledge is exceeding his proper sphere, how much greater is the offence of the historian who mingles inferences and surmises with what should be a plain statement of facts. Details of incident he may admit to any extent, but as for comment or conjecture, the description of any truly picturesque or dramatic occurrence is infinitely more impressive without them; and here we light upon one of the chief difficulties which must beset the author of a war novel. There can be no doubt that nothing is more stimulating to the imagination than the perfectly unadorned statement of facts which in themselves are striking and heroic; such records as may be found in the logs of our men-of-war dealing with the great sea-fights of a hundred years ago; or again in that "monument to Britain's greatness," James's *Naval History*. Unfortunately the style adopted, not of set purpose, but of necessity, by the master of the ship, whose duty it was to keep the log, is most emphatically denied to the writer of fiction. "At 2 A.M."—so runs the log-book of H.M.S. *Majestic* at the battle of the Nile—"the ship on our starboard quarter left us dismasted." The *Majestic* had lost her captain early in the engagement. "At 3 our main and mizen masts went by the board. Left off firing. Employed clearing away the wreck. At quarter past 4, having got clear of the wreck, began the action again." Pages of rhetoric could not better give the idea of stubborn and glorious combativeness; and

on the evening of the same day we find: "Mustered the ship's company, and found the number killed in the action to be 50, and wounded 144. . . . At 4 committed the body of the deceased Captain Westcott to the deep, and fired 20 minute guns. Read to the ship's company Admiral Nelson's thanks for their gallant behavior during the action." Such a scene absolutely defies comment; it is enhanced, if possible, by the unmoved manner in which the writer passes on, after the next full stop, to "Employed knotting and splicing the fore rigging." But who could fill a novel with items of this kind, by turns magnificent and trivial? The charm of the contrast lies in the fact that everything is set down in the exact order in which it was observed by an eye-witness, and one who could not by any possibility have been concerning himself as to the way in which his phrases would strike the unofficial mind. If the novelist would succeed in conveying an equally forcible idea of action he must preserve at least the appearance of simplicity, but he knows, and we know, that his simplicity is in reality the outcome of art. Indeed the modern fashion of apparent ingenuousness has been known to produce results no less truly, though more subtly, artificial than the most stilted effusions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It needs but the suspicion of self-consciousness, and mere simplicity of language is of little avail.

We cannot blame the military novelist if, unlike the masters of his Majesty's ships, he has ample space for the development of affectations. But we can and must pity him for the colossal difficulty of his task. He must exert his own imagination to the utmost, and yet the barest hint, to the reader, of this same exertion, strikes a false note which nothing can remedy. There are other chroniclers, less laconic than

those worthy seamen, who might serve him as truer models, for, not being under official supervision, they are at liberty to give some personal details which the log-book would sternly reject. These writers flourished before the age of "impressionism"; they wrote down what they heard, and saw, or could discover, respecting various occasions, but they never indulged in speculations, nor did they ever deliberately invite their readers to "picture the scene." When Clarendon wrote of Chalgrove Field he probably was not conscious of any definite wish to present the field of battle to our mind's eye; he intended nothing more than that we should know as clearly as possible how and why certain events took place. Therefore he simply states that Prince Rupert waited for the enemy "in a fair Plain or Field" near a bridge, bordered by lanes and the river, and that "his Horse were all tired and the sun grown very hot, it being about eight of the clock in the morning in June." Most of us know what the country can look like at eight of the clock on a summer morning, and the whole scene is at once irresistibly suggested. The novelist who wishes to produce the same impression cannot do so without considerable practice in the art of deception; but if once he can establish the illusion that he treats of an occurrence because it took place, and not because he thinks it will impress the reader, his success is assured, and a few details more or less will not signify.

Again, there is the passage from *Heath's Chronicle*, which tells of the Royalists' last stand after the battle of Preston; how

at a place called Redbank the Scots made a stand with a body of pikes, and lined the hedges with muskets; who so rudely entertained the pursuing enemy that they were compelled to stop until the coming up of Col.

Pride's regiment of foot, who, after a sharp dispute, put those same brave fellows to the run. They were commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot.

Whether art or the want of it enabled the writer to make this powerful appeal to our feelings, and to convey in one sentence a complete idea of the leader's appearance and character and of his heroic death, we shall never know; in either case he has achieved that which many novelists might envy; he has told us just enough of his principal character to make us genuinely anxious to know more. The historian cannot, if he has a conscience, tell us more than he knows himself; he has only to set down a vivid impression, like the one recorded above, and his point is gained. But it must require considerable strength of mind in a writer of fiction first to conjure up, by a few phrases, a figure who will be distinctly present to the reader's mind and then to dismiss his creation entirely from the scene. In those immortal works of Erckmann-Chatrian, *Waterloo* and *Le Conscrit de 1813*, there are many soldiers who come and go on the battlefields, and who seem absolutely to live before us. They live, not by reason of what they say, for many of them are scarcely mentioned a second time, but by the extraordinarily life-like presentment of character, as reflected in the outward man—Marshal Ney reviewing the troops at Aschaffembourg, in the rain, "son grand chapeau trempé de pluie, son habit bleu couvert de broderies et de décorations, et ses grandes bottes. C'était un bel homme, d'un blond roux, le nez relevé, les yeux vifs, l'air terriblement solide"; or, as a fancy portrait, *le sergent Rabot*, at Ligny; "un petit vieux, sec, mal bâti, mais dur comme du fer; il clignait de l'œil, et devait avoir été roux dans sa

jeunesse. Rien qu'en parlant de lui, je l'entends dire tranquillement: 'La bataille est gagnée! Par file à droite, en avant, marche!'

This *conscriit* of 1813, who re-appears among "*les anciens*" at Waterloo, and who serves as a mouthpiece for the authors throughout both volumes, is above all things a man of peace; an Alsatian by birth, whose ideals are not so much French as German. He is essentially honest, industrious, and prosaic, with a reserve of rather stolid sentiment for the inevitable village girl to whom he is betrothed. The idea of military glory scarcely enters his head; a picturesque or heroic attitude he indignantly repels. "Plusieurs racontent," he says, of Waterloo, "que nous étions tous réjouis, et que nous chantions, mais c'est faux! Quand on a marché toute la nuit sans recevoir de ration, quand on a couché dans l'eau, avec défense d'allumer des feux, et qu'on va recevoir de la mitraille, cela vous ôte l'envie de chanter." Yet through this unpromising medium we are given a series of battle-pictures as convincing as any that have ever been penned; a work of the truest imaginative quality, where the requisite simplicity is maintained by the consummate skill of the authors in focusing the whole scene from what appears to be a highly unimaginative point of view; in other words the point of view of Joseph, the *conscriit*. Their soldier of the 6^e de ligne is a plain man, and tells, in plain words, exactly what he heard and saw at Lutzen, at Leipzig, and at Waterloo. That is the effect produced; but the authors take care that we, too, shall hear and see it. The contrast between the artlessness of the narrative, on the one hand; the homely philosophy of the speaker, who stood where he was told, and let off his musket at the word of command, but to whom war was simply the occasion "*de se faire casser les os pour des choses qui ne nous re-*

gardaient pas"; and on the other hand the gigantic struggle which he depicts and in which he played such an unwilling part, is as direct and effective as that between the alternating items in the log-book.

The absolute success of *Le Conscriit* as a narrative in the first person is, perhaps, as exceptional as it is striking. No doubt that particular work could not make anything like the same impression on the reader in any other form; but the precedent is a dangerous one. The initial difficulty of introducing any battle into a work of fiction, so as to give a definite and intelligible idea of it to the civilian reader, is quite considerable enough, without the author's laying himself under the obligation to write "*in falsetto*"; and it is a recognized fact that the hero who tells his own story is seldom attractive, and not infrequently dull. Moreover, the device, in most cases, is quite unnecessary. Zola's picture of the French before Sedan would gain nothing by being put into the mouth of any one of the characters. The author of *The Red Badge of Courage* keeps matters in his own hands, though we feel he is ready to sacrifice everything to vividness, and though we may question whether it would not have been better to let the hero speak for himself, than to refer to him consistently as "*the Youth*." Tolstoy, though he never relinquishes the use of the third person, is none the less convincing when he gives us Austerlitz and Borodino through another man's eyes. His Russian nobleman, Prince André, might serve as a specimen of the type which is the exact opposite of Erckmann-Chatrlian's Alsatian *bourgeois*. Both are drawn with the same appearance of unfailing truth. It need scarcely be said that André is incomparably the most interesting and attractive of the two; but speaking, as we are here constrained to do, of the battle-scenes alone, the advantage does

not seem to be as entirely with Tolstoy as might be supposed. His descriptions may give evidence of more profound intuition, but they are surely not more full of vigor and movement. Every tactical detail is supplied with an elaboration which goes near to defeating its own end, by hopelessly confusing the uninitiated reader, who, if necessary, could procure exactly the same information from any reliable book of reference on the Russian campaign; and all the while the cause and result of the battle interest us so far less than the personal impressions of André and his friend Pierre; those impressions which no historian, and scarcely any novelist, could give us with the same unmatched assurance. Whether Prince André's reflections before Austerlitz, or when he lay among the wounded, on the heights of Pratzen, or when, seven years later, he went to his death at Borodino, are as true to life as they seem, who shall decide? We can only say that this particular writer was at least as likely to know how a man feels on going into action as to be able to describe accurately a girl's sensations at her first ball, and many can testify that in the latter case he is absolutely successful. His insight is so nearly superhuman that it never fails to inspire confidence, even in matters of which neither the author nor the reader can speak from experience. More important than all, we feel that what we are told of the thoughts and emotions of these men, of Pierre, André, or Nicolas Rostov, is indeed the natural outcome of their several characters; no one of them is felt to be the medium of the novelist's opinions alone; each of the three is placed before us with the exactness of photography, and the inspiration of the best portrait-painting. We are told of André's ever-recurring thought, the night before Austerlitz; "If I do wish to win glory, to be famous, to be loved by

men: surely I am not to blame if I ask nothing but that! I will speak of it to no one, but I cannot help feeling it";—ashamed as he is to confess it, even to himself, he imagines that he would sacrifice every tie—"for one moment of glory, of triumph; to gain the love of men whom I do not know, and never shall know." This state of mind may or may not be creditable, but we feel as we read that it is absolutely characteristic of the man, at that stage of his development; just as much so as the practical and touching prayer of the *Conscrit*, before Lutzen, is natural to that unpretending warrior. "Je prie Dieu de préserver mes jours et de me conserver les mains, qui sont nécessaires à tous les pauvres pour gagner leur vie."

The scope of Tolstoy's work is so large, and includes so many episodes which, as the title suggests, do not touch upon war at all, that his account of the actual warfare must suffer in one respect. The scenes of home-life are, of course, quite beyond praise in themselves; but when our attention is constantly being turned aside to follow them, we cannot feel, as we are made to do in some great war-novels, that the army itself takes its place among the principal characters of the book. There is much to be said in favor of the method which conveys this impression; the unavoidable background of history appears less incongruous; we are spared the shock experienced in reading *War and Peace* when we leave one of the most fascinating heroines ever created, to find ourselves confronted by a plan of Borodino; and the scene of battle falls into its proper place, without having the air of being forcibly introduced to give the hero an opportunity of distinguishing himself, or, worse still, in order that the author may display his powers of description. Tolstoy can scarcely be accused of such an offence; but Victor Hugo, in

Les Misérables, comes perilously near it. Zola gives the French army of 1870 a very definite character, and by means of this personification the interest of *La Débâcle* is sustained. Erckmann-Chatrian did the same for the army of 1814, and in their work, as in Zola's, we follow the disastrous campaign, step by step; our sympathy is never allowed to be diverted, even for a moment to any other object. Tolstoy's creative power enables him to take liberties which would be fatal to a less gifted writer. We may admit that the "war" section of his great work would at times be tedious if we were not already interested, for private reasons, in the principal figures; but, on the other hand, it is almost impossible to imagine circumstances in which these figures could fail to arouse interest. And the fact remains that it is they, and not the battles, who rivet our attention; they would be almost equally engrossing if there were no question of fighting at all. Authors who can make an event of such overwhelming importance as a battle appear genuinely subordinate to the interests of their own creations, are rare indeed; therefore, if the right proportions are to be observed, it is necessary, in most cases, that we should be forced into a real and individual sympathy with the army as a whole, and the battle then becomes as personal a matter as a duel between two private gentlemen. Zola's characters, taken singly, are, for the most part without charm, without intellectual attraction; their voices are as one voice of a starved and suffering army; their cry is painfully intense, yet we remember them scarcely as men, but rather as phantoms who might haunt a battlefield. Because they fought we can read of them; if they had *not* fought, if they had been merely Jean and Maurice, Lapoulle and Chouteau, living more or less peacefully in their native haunts, what should

we have cared to know of any of them? We accept Austerlitz and Borodino for the sake of André and Pierre, but we accept Lapoulle, Chouteau, and their like, for the sake of Sedan and the burning of Paris.

Anything more depressing than the Franco-Prussian campaign, as represented in *La Débâcle*, it is impossible to imagine. Not to Frenchmen only, but to impartial readers, to the Prussians themselves, it must seem a discouraging record of all that is most gloomy and hideous in war. And if, by means of sheer descriptive power, the army of 1870 can be made to compel our interest through page after page of defeat and misery, how much more stimulating a character is the army of 1814 in the supreme, unavailing struggle of the *Campagne de France*, *La Débâcle*, *Le Conscrit*, *Waterloo*—we might add *La Désastre* of Paul and Victor Margueritte—each is the history of a failure, yet of all these the first alone is truly dispiriting; needlessly dispiriting, we cannot but feel, for surely even defeat in battle may be treated with a certain dignity which will not make the description less life-like. Yet no one knows better than the author of *La Débâcle* how to use the right detail and simplicity in telling of a heroic action. What could be more tragic, and at the same time less depressing than his *L'Attaque du Moulin*? From first to last it is one of the most ideal fights in fiction; the whole story has the completeness of a poem, where not a word fails in its effect of sound or sense. And we may trace the same hand, the same power of forcing the reality of warfare upon us by bringing it into contact with an absolutely peaceful daily life, when the soldier in *La Débâcle* looks down from the plateau where he is stationed during the fight, and sees in the valley "un paysan qui labourait sans hâte, poussant sa charue attelée d'un grand cheval blanc.

Pourquoi perdre un jour? Ce n'était pas parce qu'on se battait, que le blé cesserait de croître et le monde de vivre."

Within the limits of a short story, such as *L'Attaque du Moulin*, a certain amount of restraint is compulsory. In the six hundred pages of *La Débâcle* there is no restraint, and the author who dispenses with it assumes such a total lack of imagination, on the reader's part, as to be almost insulting. The more serious advantages and disadvantages of realism cannot be here discussed; but, from an entirely superficial point of view, the deliberate piling up of horrors, even though we may be well aware that such things are inseparable from a field of battle, ends by defeating its own object. It may provoke disgust, and possibly some writers would prefer to cause disgust than to rouse no emotion at all. But the fascination which a certain tangible and yet partly imaginative horror can be made to exercise is hopelessly lost. When we come to the inevitable description of an improvised hospital for the wounded, we find in *La Débâcle* an insistence on surgical particulars which in time ceases to produce any effect; the whole passage may be a masterpiece of accurate observation, and still the inspired touch is absent, which can distinguish that which is impressive from that which is only disagreeable. An example of this indispensable gift is to be found in a like scene in *Le Conscrit*, dealing with the treatment of the wounded after Lutzen. "A cinq ou six paillasses de la mienne"—it is, of course, the hero who speaks—"était assis un vieux caporal, la jambe emmaillottée"; this veteran, turning to his neighbor, "qu'on venait d'amputer," says, "Conscrit, regarde un peu dans ce tas; je parie que tu ne reconnais pas ton bras." L'autre tout pâle, mais qui pourtant avait montré le plus grand courage,

regarda, et presque aussitôt il perdit connaissance. Alors le caporal se mit à rire, et dit: 'Il a fini par le reconnaître! C'est celui d'en bas! Ça produit toujours le même effet.' Il s'admirait lui-même d'avoir découvert cela, mais personne ne riait avec lui." Nothing could be simpler than the telling, and no amount of gloating over *chair sanglante et massacrée* could be more effective. Here we have the intellectual perception of horror, which separates men from beasts, whereas the scene in *La Débâcle* might be treating of the slaughter of cattle. Not only is the want of reserve undignified, but it leaves no scope for the necessary appeal to the imagination; and in no class of fiction, more than in the war novel, do we need the imaginative quality which can make that which is withheld seem as forcible as that which is told.

In respect of battles, our English novelists are no doubt at a disadvantage, compared with those of some other nations. They cannot know, as every Frenchman or woman must, who, thirty years ago, was of an age to see and hear, what it is to have war carried into the heart of their own country. In Russia, or in the United States, the traditions of battle are more remote, but they are still within the easy recollection of living men. In lands where the surrounding influence of war has scarcely died away, the author has little difficulty in creating the right atmosphere for a military novel; it is already half-existent in the public mind. Our sympathies may have been quickened in the last three years, but compared to those nations who have actually suffered invasion, we are as an unprepared soil. We must go back more than a century before we can recall a battle fought on British ground, and, up to the present day, the tendency of our battles in fiction is correspondingly old-fashioned. In almost every case, not excepting

Conan Doyle's spirited accounts of Sedgemoor and Waterloo, the direct influence of Scott may still be easily traced; an influence admirable on many points, picturesque, agreeably elevating, with the true dignity of spirit which does not come only from using the language of bygone years; but hampered by tradition, and in fact closely related to the battles of the stage.

When Scott, in *Old Mortality*, sets out to describe the battle of Drumclog, his eye for dramatic effect is unflinching; but the whole action is represented from the point of view of the stage manager, and with precisely the same limitations as would affect the writer of a "cloak and sword" drama. We are told nothing of the personal impressions of any single character who was present. We are not even told what the weather was, although to any reader attempting to form a real idea of the scene, this point is most essential; no one will ever forget the rain of Waterloo, and the soaked troops in the long wet corn; or the magnificent summer's day of *L'Attaque du Moulin*. The conversation, too, of Claverhouse and his officers, we feel to be so excellent in its way, and yet so absolutely in accordance with stage principles. "Pshaw!" said the young cornet, 'what signifies strong ground when it is held only by a crew of canting, psalm-singing old women?' 'A man may fight never the worse,' retorted Major Allan, 'for honoring both his Bible and Psalter. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old.' 'Their nasal psalmody,' said the cornet, 'reminds our major of the race of Dunbar.' 'Had you been at that race, young man,' retorted Allan, 'you would have wanted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you have to live.' Or, there is the famous encounter, on the same field of battle, between Francis Stewart, called Both-

well, and John Balfour of Burley, when the former swears an oath "too tremendous to be written down," and they engage with "A bed of heather or a thousand merks!" said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow." How well it would sound across the footlights, and how fortunate we might think ourselves if the modern writer of historic dramas could produce anything as good. The author himself would scarcely have thought it other than a compliment that his work should instantly suggest the stage; the conventions of novel-writing had at that time scarcely freed themselves from those of the theatre, and what was suited to one was considered appropriate to the other. Scott was not to blame if, with all his greatness, he failed to realize that a battle is among the subjects which it is impossible to treat adequately, either on the stage itself or while maintaining stage traditions in literature. Had he lived to profit by the later development of his art, instead of struggling as its pioneer, his battle pieces might have been the pride of the whole English-speaking race; but no man can dispose of convention at a single blow, and so we must be content with *tableaux vivants*; the best of their kind, it is true, but still *tableaux vivants*.

Of one thing we may be fairly certain; no man would have appreciated, more than the author of *Old Mortality*, the truest masterpieces of the later school. Among English novelists, his own descendants, he would especially have rejoiced in Conan Doyle's charge of the dragoons at Sedgemoor, and the last stand of Monmouth's men; the indescribable "sound and fury" of the horsemen's approach, and the waiting squares of the rebel force, till "a great shout went up from either side as the living wave broke over us." It may

be objected, and with some truth, that the language is a trifle too classical for one of Monmouth's peasant army; but a good deal may be forgiven to an author who can bring home to the inexperienced some notion of the actual, deafening noise, which must be one of the principal features of such a scene. We are almost ashamed to fall back again upon a quotation from *Waterloo*; but to illustrate the importance of this point we may remember that, at the supreme moment of the day, it is the appalling effect of sound, rather than any other influence of battle, which rouses the hero into almost the only flight of patriotism in which he indulges throughout two whole volumes.

Ce que je n'oublierai jamais, quand je devrais vivre mille ans, ce sont ces cris immenses, infinis, qui remplissaient la vallée à plus d'une lieue, et tout au loin la grenadière qui battait comme le tocsin au milieu d'une incendie: mais c'était bien plus terrible encore, c'était le dernier appel de la France, de ce peuple courageux et fier, c'était la voix de la patrie qui disait "A moi, mes enfants! je meurs!" Non, je ne puis vous peindre cela!

Yet there are battles in fiction where one might suppose nothing was to be heard but the voices of the two or three principal characters.

To return, in conclusion, to our English writers, the name of *Waterloo* suggests a scene which, though it cannot be said to deal directly with an actual field of battle, must be remembered in every discussion of warfare in fiction: the *Waterloo* of *Vanity Fair*. Like the persons of the story, we see nothing, we hear nothing, except "a dull, distant sound coming over the sun-lighted

roofs," yet all the while, through the details of ordinary life, which are even insisted on; while Mrs. Rawdon Crawley is selling her horses, and securing herself a seat in the Sedleys' carriage, we are as conscious of the vast and wonderful event which is taking place a few miles away as if the scene were laid on the battlefield itself. It is as though the overwhelming greatness of *Waterloo* filled the air, simply by virtue of its own supreme importance, without any effort on the novelist's part; it is a triumph of the power of suggestion. What the precise facts of history were concerning the Duchess of Richmond's ball, the exact date of that entertainment, and the moment when the news of the enemy's advance first reached Brussels, are matters which can be proved only by external evidence; but no one who has read *Vanity Fair* will ever doubt again how the English inhabitants of the city looked and felt during the days which followed; no evidence is needed there but that of our own human nature, which tells us that this is, beyond question, the way in which certain men and women would have acted under the circumstances; and if a writer has once succeeded in basing his appeal to our imagination upon that experience of human nature which we all possess, it is incredible how convincing he can be. We should only be thankful that it did not, apparently, occur to Thackeray, or Tolstoy, or to Erckmann-Chatrian, to indulge in the perversion of history; for, if they had done so, however wild their flight of fancy, we should have had no choice but to believe them.

Eveline C. Godley.

SOME EXPERIMENTS AND A PARADOX.

When one steps on a stretch of sand left smooth and wet by the receding tide, all round one's foot the sand becomes light in color and dry. When the foot is raised there is a puddle of water left in its place. The facts are so familiar that nobody thinks of inquiring why it is so; every one knows that that is how sand and water naturally do behave. If any one gave it a second thought, a holiday mood might lightly dispose of the question: the sand all round goes dry because the water is squeezed out of it by the pressure of the foot; and the puddle is left—well, because the sand is pressed down and leaves a hole for the water to run into. A little consideration will show that this will not do; some other explanation must be devised, and when it is found you have, says Professor Osborne Reynolds, found nothing less than the clue to the mechanism of the universe, the key to unlock all the mysteries that have been hidden until now,—what is the nature of space; how it transmits heat and light and electric waves; how it is brought about that masses attract one another; and why the ultimate particles of a body bind themselves together to give it strength and coherence.

It is a tremendous claim to make, and it was made in the oddest and most delightful way. In among the crowd of frivolities that go to make up the Cambridge May Week there is sandwiched the solemnity of the Rede Lecture, delivered each year by some eminent man appointed by the Vice-Chancellor. The Rede lecturer for 1902 was Professor Osborne Reynolds; his subject, "On an Inversion of Ideas as to the Structure of the Universe." On the 10th of June the Senate-House was

half-filled with heads of houses and less august seniors with their wives, with undergraduates and sisters and cousins, taking a reconstruction of the universe with the boat-races and balls, as all part of the May Week fun. The lecture was profoundly unintelligible, but there were experiments,—miracles they seemed at the time, "paradoxical, not to say magical."

"I have in my hand," said the professor, "the first experimental model universe, a soft indiarubber bag, with a small aperture to admit of its being filled with small shot, which aperture is partly closed, sufficiently to prevent the shot from coming out, by a glass tube." The model universe was filled up with water in between the shot; the shot were shaken down tight till the indiarubber ball was full, and the water stood nearly at the top of the tube. Then the ball was squeezed in the hand. The water did not overflow, as might have been expected; it did not even continue to stand at the same level, but it sank steadily down the tube as the pressure was increased until it had all been drawn into the ball. And this was not a conjuring trick, but an honest experiment!

It was repeated on a larger scale. The soft rubber bladder of a football was filled with sand and water and connected up to a pressure-gauge and a tall jar of water. The taps were turned off and the bag squeezed in a strong press. It had become as rigid as steel. The tap leading to the gauge was turned on, the bag suddenly changed its shape, and the gauge showed that the strong pressure had created a partial vacuum. There was no tendency at all for the water in between the sand to squeeze out; on the contrary, the stronger the pressure

the stronger the suction inwards; and when the way leading to the jar of water was opened, at least a pint was drawn in against a pressure on the sides of the elastic bag of some hundreds of pounds.

It was really a very odd experience, sitting in the familiar Senate-House, and seeing miracles done with these very commonplace materials, sand and water and indiarubber balls. Every now and then one caught a gleam of light in the darkest places of the lecture. The research had occupied twenty years, and had now revealed the *prime cause* of the physical properties of matter. The results are of marvellous simplicity, but so contrary to previous conceptions as to entail an inversion of ideas hitherto advanced. Empty space is made of close-packed grains ten thousand times as dense as water; matter is of the nature of a thinning out of the space-grains, a partial vacuity, bounded by "a singular surface"—a wave. We are all waves! And then we were lost again in a tangle of single sentences summing up whole reams of mathematics, negative inequalities which attract, and positive inequalities which repel one another, and complex inequalities which are electricity.

There was another experiment. A thin rubber toy balloon was filled with sand and water and its mouth tied up. It was squeezed flat to the shape of a Dutch cheese, and burst in the process. Another was produced, and that burst; so there was no strength to spare in the skin that confined the wet sand. A third bag was flattened successfully and stood up on its edge. To pressure on either side it was soft and pulpy; but when a board was balanced across the top and weights of a couple of hundredweight or more were piled on it, the bag that had been soft in one direction was rigid in the other, and stood hard and firm as a rock.

This was the end. These experiments, said the lecturer, performed as long ago as 1885,—some of them were shown to the British Association at Aberdeen in that year,—suggested the idea of the granular nature of space, and were recognized as an obvious clue to gravitation. Since that year a mathematical theory has been worked out which, with this idea as a basis, accounts entirely for all known properties of matter and of the ether which is supposed to fill space. "And thus we may have the fullest confidence that the structure is purely mechanical, and that ideas, such as I have endeavored to sketch, will ultimately prevail, displacing for ever such metaphysical conceptions as that of action at a distance, and accomplishing that ideal which, from the time of Thales and Plato, has excited the highest philosophical interest."

We came away vastly impressed. If Osborne Reynolds were right he would be counted in the future a greater than Newton, and we had been present on a great occasion. But is he right? No one could tell, for the proof lies in the mathematics which is yet unpublished,—hundreds of pages, probably, of the most difficult stuff that was ever conceived,—that will carry conviction slowly to a few profound people, if it carries conviction at all. For the rest of us, we shall have to wait for their verdict. We ought to wait. But there was one at least of the audience who went home and constructed a model universe for himself; and when he found with surprise that the miracle worked in his own garden, and could be performed after dinner over the wine, for him there was no longer any question about it. The way that the universe is worked had been discovered.

For a few months it was a delight to work the model; make the water sink in the tube when the ball was

squeezed; and argue with botanists and suchlike people who propounded all sorts of cock-and-bull explanations of the immortal experiment. But the other day the lecture was published,¹ and the spell of the miracle vanished. The explanation was found in a property of matter that is equally true whether the universe is inverted or not. Moreover, it is perfectly easy to understand—perfectly obvious when it is pointed out, and yet has been hardly so much as recognized. It is something like this. We may imagine a layer of hard balls, all of the same size, packed upon a table as close as they will stand, and another layer packed on top of them. In the ordinary course of things each ball of the upper layer would settle down partly between those balls of the lower. But if a suitable constraint were applied all round the boundary of the upper layer it could be made to stand, each ball exactly over a corresponding ball of the lower layer, and in that arrangement the same quantity of balls would occupy a greater space. Translated into more general terms, it comes to this—that if we have a pile of hard spherical balls, by suitably squeezing the boundaries of the pile we can make it grow bigger. If the balls are packed as closely as possible to begin with, any squeezing whatever at the boundary tends to make the pile expand; and therein lies the reason of the experiments. Shot and sand are, roughly speaking, hard spherical balls, more or less of the same size. Pack them tight in an elastic bag with water, tie up the bag, and squeeze it. The arrangement of shot tries to grow larger, and wants more water to fill up the spaces between. So long as the bag is closed and no water can get in, the change of shape cannot take place without

causing a vacuum, and the pressure of the air outside prevents that. But open the way into a jar of water, and the pressure of the air outside is taken off. The arrangement of shot can then expand and suck in water. Hence the working of the "model universe," which looks so extraordinary when one first sees it.

And hence comes the explanation of the footprint on the sand, which started us on the subject. The wet sand is packed close and filled up to the surface with water, like a sponge. When one treads on it, the pressure of the foot makes the arrangement of sand grains expand, and they want more water to fill up the interspaces. They draw it from the nearest source, the unstrained sand all round, which for a minute, till it can suck up more water from below, runs dry. When the foot is raised the strain is taken off the sand below, and it goes back to its old arrangement. There is then an excess of water, which comes out by the quickest way at the top, and makes the puddle.

There remains the case of the soft bag, squeezed flat and stood on edge, which supported a great weight without flinching. This too can be explained, though the explanation is not at first very easy to follow. The secret of it is that, when the bag is tied up, rather more water is left in it than is wanted to fill up between the grains when they are packed their closest. And while the bag is being squeezed flat it is kept shaken, so that the sand is not expanded under the strain but remains at its densest, and there is always a little water to spare up to this point. When the flat round cake enclosed in its indiarubber skin is taken out from between the boards which pressed it flat, the elastic skin

¹ On an Inversion of Ideas as to the Structure of the Universe. By Osborne Reynolds, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Engineering in the Owens

College, Manchester. Cambridge, at the University Press, 1902. Price 1s. 6d.

tries to regain its spherical shape, produces strain along the breadth of the cake, expands the sand inside until all the spare water is absorbed, and then it can go no farther. Squeezing the sides tends to undo the effect of this last action and compress the sand again. There is no resistance to this at first, and the bag feels soft and pulpy. But a strain in the other direction, along the breadth of the cake, tends to continue the expansion which the elasticity of the bag carried on until all the water was used up in filling the interspaces. Further than this one cannot go without making a vacuum, which the pressure of the air outside prevents, up to a certain point. So that when the bag is set on edge and a board is laid across it, weights can be piled up on the board to a surprising total, and the bag does not budge. The explanation here is rather hard to follow, but thinking it over a few times will help, and doing the experiment is better. There is something altogether fascinating in doing these things for oneself,—they want so little preparation and such simple materials, and the results are so seemingly paradoxical.

We have it on the authority of the man who devised them that they give an "obvious clue" to the structure of the universe! Doubtless many people before Newton's time found delight in shaking apple-trees, and watching the apples fall, but somehow it escaped their notice that the fall of an apple is an obvious clue to the law of universal gravitation. So may we—all of us who are not profound geniuses—be pardoned if we fail altogether to understand how this tendency of an arrangement of grains to expand under pressure is any help towards clearing up all the mysteries that puzzle us when we begin to ask ourselves how gravitation and other things really work. Space may be granular and very dense;

all that we know as solid matter may be a thinning out of the dense space; from these startling inversions of our ideas it may be possible to build up a mathematical theory that will account for everything; but it does not follow that we should ever really conceive how the thing is worked,—it does not follow, indeed, that we need ever have, even in our minds, a picture of the arrangement as a working model, before we can be convinced of its truth. Mathematics has in a case like this an extraordinary power. The curious experiments which we have described might suggest to a mathematician, What would happen if space had this peculiar property of expanding under strain? He would express the property in what Clerk-Maxwell called "the tenuity and paleness of a symbolical expression," and deduce purely mathematically, and without any further appeal to experiment, what would be the effect of his hypothesis. And if it should turn out that the known laws of matter and light and electricity all follow if we grant this one property to space, then there would be the strongest reason for believing that the original hypothesis was true,—that space does behave as if it were composed of solid grains. And this is what we are asked to believe has been done. Professor Reynolds claims that, if space is granular, if its grains have the size and the density and the other properties that he has found for them, then his mathematics will show how gravitation, and all the phenomena of light and heat and electricity, follow as a matter of pure reasoning. "Then, considering that not one of these phenomena had previously received a mechanical explanation, it appears how indefinitely small must be the probability that there should be another structure for the universe which would satisfy the same evidence."

There is one advantage that a scien-

tific man enjoys above all other men, namely, that he lives in the most interesting and exciting times that ever were. For him there are no regrets for lost arts and lost traditions. He spends no time in contemplating an unapproachable past, and there are plenty of worlds left for him to conquer. If he has a spark of enthusiasm in him he thanks heaven in private that he is alive in such a surpassing present, though if he is wise he dis-

Blackwood's Magazine.

sembles his enthusiasm in public, for there are superior persons about. A serious and apparently successful attempt to show how the universe is constructed has led to the paradox that emptiness is full, and we and all our possessions are partial emptiness. Whether this be a case for enthusiasm or not, it is a wonderfully interesting notion; a paradox is apt to have a peculiar charm for minds that are not too empty—that is to say, too dense.

VIDREQUIN'S.

There are in Paris—as, in fact, there are in most of the great cities of the world—four ways of taking food: the expensive and nice; the expensive and nasty; the cheap and nice; and the cheap and nasty. Most of us prefer the first—we get it habitually, occasionally, or never, according to the length of our own or our friends' purses. The second is not popular; but you only learn how to avoid it by dismal experience. It is useful, in this connection, to remember that an inferior band of music, waiters of stealthy manner and cat-like tread, a *maitre d'hôtel* of unimpeachable deportment, fine linen and purple—all these are not necessary concomitants of a good dinner. They are the things that add much to the reckoning, but nothing to the quality of the meat and drink. For you do not eat the *maitre d'hôtel*.

Let us suppose that you, my friend Tityrus, wish to leave the shade of your spreading beech-tree, and to dine comfortably with me in Paris—comfortably, and yet cheaply. Then you must come with me to—

VIDREQUIN'S.

When we walk in, remember that we

are going to dine for one shilling and a halfpenny, or for twopence more, if we mean to be extravagant, and asparagus and strawberries are in; and, remembering this, do not expect to find a band of perspiring musicians, in shabby blue uniforms, discoursing sweet music somewhat out of tune, and superb creatures waiting on more superb clients, triumphs of the tailor and the coiffeur. The young person sitting at the receipt of custom, or of the brass *jetons*—tokens of discharge, and liberty to re-enter the crowded boulevard—may or may not accord you a smile of welcome. It depends upon the work that she is engaged in: the making or mending, apparently, of some article of wear—not for men.

You must expect the company to be various; the manners you will find less so. You may have to sit next to a gentleman in a blue blouse or an old lady from the country in what looks like a nightcap, but isn't. Or fate may bring you into the society of a priest or two, or of some business men who will work through their dinner with the same negligence of its details, and the same absorption in the Stock Exchange quotations (of the evening paper that a shabby, sodden personage is

selling at the door), as any of their London brethren. You may even hobnob with people whose names are written in Debrett. But you must not be puffed up if this last should be your lot, or depressed by society that seems unworthy of you. Let me point out to you that your neighbor in the blue blouse has clean hands, and uses his serviette with ease, almost grace. If you gave a serviette to an English gentleman in a blue blouse, he would sit upon it, and employ the back of his hand in its place. By the way, did you bow to the room on entering? I think not; but Blue Blouse did.

Now Jean or Pierre comes bustling up; spreads a clean table-cloth for us (this is not a special tribute to our dignity—everyone gets it); bangs down a serviette, a foot of bread—you can have a yard if you like—two yards—it is à discrétion—knives, spoons, forks (very well, examine them as closely as you like; you will find them beautifully clean), and takes our orders for *rouge* or *blanc*—referring to wine, and not to any game of chance. They are real good fellows, these *garçons*, and take a lively personal interest in the customers, to whom they will give, if asked, excellent advice as to the best selection to be made from the *menu*. They wear white aprons and short jackets; but “what matter how the head lies” (what matter white aprons and short jackets?) “if the heart be right?”

The French certainly understand how to live well on a little: I believe every Frenchman is a cook at heart, and knows how things should be done, and will have them so. And à propos des *bottes*, your Paris *cocher* is a sound judge of wine, and will only drink good stuff. So when you see many driverless *voitures* drawn up before an *estaminet*, however humble it looks,

Mark it, and write its number in your book.

But now for dinner. You can have *potage*, or *hors d'œuvre*, and a large choice of either; soup thick, soup thin, or sardines, anchovies, olives, pickled herrings, and so on. These last things will remind you of your *demi-bouteille* of *rouge* or *blanc* waiting to be uncorked. It is not Château Lafitte or Beaune. You do not get these wines in a one-and-a-half-penny dinner, my good sir; but it is not at all bad—almost as good as our own “barley-broth”—and better for you in this warmer climate. Drink the wine of the country wherever you are—even the turpentine of Greece. You should put a little water with your *rouge* or *blanc*, but let it be in the modest proportion of one to three. You are not drinking heady Falernian or Massic; the brawls which old Horace so much feared will not ensue even if you take your half bottle unadulterated.

The choice of *entrées* is so large that I often call in Pierre or Jean to help me make up my mind as I hover between the prosaic but wholesome, and the romantic but indigestible. If you do not know what dyspepsia is, you may take anything in the list: all is of the best. You may even have a *vol-au-vent*. Now I have only one fault to find with the French cooking, and that is in the matter of their pastry. I cannot say technically what is wrong; but, speaking as an amateur, I should judge that there is too much pastry in their pastry. At any rate, for me, it is like that horrible little book which the prophet dreamt he had eaten with such uncomfortable results. You are not obliged to have a *vol-au-vent*; you can choose a “bifteck” (if your British soul can swallow the spelling), a *côtelette*, mutton in many forms, veal in more (and, if you like calves' liver, this is your chance), and so forth.

A very difficult question now presents itself: shall we be economical, and have fish or vegetables, or shall

we plunge into wild extravagance, break our fathers' hearts, and, for an extra twopence, take both? Let us plunge. We will have whiting or mackerel, and then squander ourselves on a salad, asparagus, potatoes, *sautées* or *purées*, French beans, or *oselle* with an egg (why do we not eat sorrel more at home?). I hardly like to suggest further rioting and excess, but I will mention that for yet another penny we can get an excellent little omelette. However, this is most unprincipled; we came out to dine cheaply, and if we are not careful we shall soon run into about fifteenpence.

And so we had better end. We can have cheese (I can assure you, my friend, you do not get many better things in that way than a little *suisse*, a sort of cream cheese that you eat with powdered sugar, or with pepper and salt), or we can wind up with dessert, or with an apricot *compote*, or with pastry. Pierre or Jean is quite satisfied with a penny from each of us, and hands us our *jetons* with a cheerful "*Ci, 'sieu, bonsoir, 'sieu.*" The young lady at the door relieves us of our *jetons*, and with our umbrellas (of which she has taken charge, out of sheer love of the human race), gives us a more or less absent smile of farewell according to the state of her work.

If you want to see Vidrequin's clients at their happiest and best, you must dine there—at the cost of a little

Temple Bar.

crushing and noise—on a Sunday or a *fête* day. Then you will find all sorts of cheerful groups: two or three young conscripts; a pair of shop-boys, evidently having a blow-out, and greatly impressed with the magnificence of life; a father and mother with their tall cadet son; and paterfamilias with his brood—the girls all pigtail and propriety, and the boys kicking their sisters under the table, and generally regarding not God or man.

Sometimes one of the youths in training for the high office of *garçon* is called upon to relieve the goddess of the *jetons*. He takes his place in sulky dignity, which is ruffled by the fact that all the girls of his acquaintance, as they pass, chuck him under the chin and pinch his cheeks. Nobody has as yet kissed him, but this will happen some day, and then I shall see

VIDREQUIN.

He will rise from his modest obscurity, this great man, to rebuke such impertinence. He will come from the cellar, or the kitchen, or the *cabaret* next door. He will have the head of a philanthropist and a Pierrepont Morgan combined (not that one excludes the other necessarily). I believe he will have wings and a cornucopia.

But perhaps he is a Company. Then, as far as I am concerned, he may stay in seclusion, and work out variations on his one-and-a-halfpenny dinner.

Charles Oliver.

A HEBREW "JOURNAL INTIME."

The world has almost always acknowledged the fascination of any writer who could take it completely into his confidence. For the sake of candor men will forgive almost anything, so intense is the natural desire to analyze the human heart. It is the story of a man's thoughts, not his acts, that we all want to know; and it is just this story which so few men have power to tell. Perhaps it was never better told than two thousand three hundred years ago,—the date assigned by the latest Hebrew scholars to the Book of Ecclesiastes. We know what the writer thought about life and about death, about the poor and the rich, about men and about women; how the eternal problems of religion tortured his spirit in his youth, and what conclusion he came to in his old age. His conviction that there is nothing new under the sun is strangely illustrated before our eyes as we read his work to-day. The truth is the one thing that keeps fresh. Any affectation is like a fly in the ointment. The "Sorrows of Werther" are more stale now than those of the rich Jew who far away in another age wrote a *journal intime*.

The writer describes his outward state vividly and concisely. It is merely the gorgeous background against which he desires to show his inward misery. He is a very rich man, able, accomplished, probably of Royal blood. "Whatsoever mine eyes desired," he tells us, "I kept not from them." "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees: I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house;

also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great." Such was the home of a rich Oriental when we English were savages. It is possibly not so very unlike the home of a millionaire of to-day.

In the year 400 B.C., as in 1903 A.D., "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing," and the master of all these delightful possessions finds them altogether vanity. Still cruder methods of obtaining happiness he tries. "I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine," and "to lay hold on folly"; but in license, as in luxury, he finds only vexation of spirit. A very modern virtue distracts his mind from his enjoyments. He cannot get rid of the sense of pity. On the side of the oppressors is power, and the poor have no comforter. The sight of the "evil work" of these oppressors maddens him. He would gladly help the downtrodden. He despises those who suffer the pangs of compassion and do nothing to alleviate suffering,—the people who sit still and eat their hearts out. "The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh," he exclaims. Yet he himself cannot see what to do. Prosperity does not solve the question of the residuum. "When goods increase, they are increased that eat them"; and he feels, moreover, that the worth of all action is brought down by the constant menace of death. Philanthropist and pauper both perish together. The fear

of annihilation has a strong hold on him, and paralyzes him at every turn. In another mood the question of poverty appears to him in a fairer light. He envies the sweet sleep of the laboring man. The dignity of agriculture gilds the sordid side of toil. "The profit of the earth is for all," he reflects; "the king himself is served by the field." There are points at which the life of the laboring classes compares favorably with that of his own. Evidently he has been impressed by the serenity and patience of the poor in the face of suffering and death, while the rich man "hath much sorrow and wrath with his sickness." Again, with the strange moral insight which belongs to his race, and remains with its sons however earthy they may become, he perceives that the power to oppress is hardly a benefit. It is one of the evils which he sees under the sun that "one man ruleth over another to his own hurt." A great man may live in bondage to a tyrannical temper. "Better," he says, "is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished. For out of prison he cometh to reign." Inquisitorial power is to be eschewed by those who seek happiness. "Take no heed unto all words that are spoken," he writes; "lest thou hear thy servant curse thee: for oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others."

Being a Jew, intellectual pleasures are exceedingly keen to him, and he is not without intellectual arrogance. Perhaps with knowledge will come satisfaction. "I applied my heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things"; but happiness still eludes him, and impossibility of philosophic assurance and the absolute certainty of death make him give up the pursuit. "Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why

was I then more wise?" Diametrically opposed sentiments do not startle the reader in these pages. Every man who has the heart to note down the incidents of his inner life must register contradictions. His reason and his conviction are continually at variance. Consistency belongs to self-suppression rather than to self-revelation. "Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged," we find this philosopher declaring, "yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God." Within a page he argues that "there is no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry," because "there be just men, unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked; again, there be wicked men, to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous." With cynical precision he declares that he has never met a really good woman, and seldom a really good man. "Counting one by one, to find out the account: which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found." Then with a sudden revulsion of feeling: "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." Continually he asserts the Epicurean doctrine. Life is so short. He will live for enjoyment. But as continually "the spirit of man that goeth upward" breaks through his determination, and makes him contradict himself.

In a search after wisdom no Jew could forget religion. As was inevitable to a man of his type, the ordinary religious services of his day failed to satisfy this ancient writer. The ceremonial of the Temple repels him. No wise man has ever despised, however, the reading of the Scriptures. "Be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools," he says to himself. "God is in heaven, and thou upon

earth: therefore let thy words be few." Why should men elaborate their ignorance? he seems to wonder. "For a dream cometh through the multitude of business; and a fool's voice is known by multitude of words." Still, he does not call in question the existence of the Deity. "In the multitude of dreams and many words," he reflects, "there are also divers vanities; but fear thou God."

Towards the end of the book there is less reasoning and more giving in to convictions. The writer is mentally tired out. He sees that this ceaseless wondering and anxiety, this living in the presence of death, will tie his hands and make his life absolutely barren. He determines to cease speculating and to turn his face away from his last end. It is the only way, he realizes, to accomplish anything. He begins to "cast" his "bread upon the waters," to work without too much thought of results. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap," he declares to be his experience. There-

The Spectator.

fore, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." As the time approaches when the pitcher shall "be broken at the fountain," and "the spirit shall return unto God who gave it," the terror of death seems to leave him, and out of the wearing sense of responsibility he has never wholly shaken off arises a hope of a future life. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing," he concludes, and we feel that he would rather wake to judgment than sleep for ever.

Did this man really live so long ago? It seems impossible. The doubts and discontents he endured, the problems and possibilities he discussed, are so exactly like our own. We are constrained to believe his own words: "Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us."

THE SONNET.

The sonnet is always with us. This is an age when the hurried reader, impatient of the effort required for prolonged attention, demands short poems, which he can read and master in their integrity during a casual hour of leisure. The much less capacity of most modern poets for prolonged and sustained effort (which is an observable fact, explain it how you will), together with their tendency towards lyric rather than narrative or dramatic poetry, renders them very willing to meet this taste of modern readers. Now the sonnet is a ready-made form of brief

poem, consecrated by tradition and great example. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should have an unexampled vogue. Collections of sonnets have been beyond number these late years; and Mr. Bowyer Nichol's "Little Book of English Sonnets" (Methuen and Co.), which belongs to the "Little Library," adds yet another. Though on the whole well selected, it has nothing to distinguish it from other collections but the skilful adaptation to its miniature size, which the editor has secured by limiting it to the poets before Tennyson; about whose time be-

gins the extensive cultivation of the English sonnet. It interests us, nevertheless, by its preface, which is not only well written and judicious, but puts forward at least one view we have long entertained.

The sonnet is, of course, an essentially artificial form, and (so far as we can trace it with certainty) of Italian origin. It is not only artificial, but complexly artificial. Limited to fourteen lines, in its Italian or Petrarchan form (the recognized classical form), those fourteen lines are divided by an intricate arrangement of rhymes. The first eight lines (the *octave*) are divided into two portions of four lines each; the first and last lines of each *quatrain* (or four lines) rhyming together, while the middle two lines rhyme with each other. Moreover, there are but two rhymes throughout the octave (or first portion of eight lines); the first and last lines of the two quatrains being all on the one rhyme, while the middle couplets of the two quatrains are all on the same secondary rhyme. Represented by letters, the rhyme-scheme is: a b b a; a b b a. To correspond with this rhyme-construction, there should be a certain pause or division in the sense between the two quatrains (not necessarily a complete pause, that is, a full-stop); and a complete pause at the end of the octave. Indeed, the octave should exhaust and bring to a close one aspect of the single idea or feeling which forms the subject-matter of every sonnet. A second and closing aspect is taken up in the last six lines (the *sestet*). This *sestet*, or last six lines, the poet can rhyme as he pleases; save that the Italians (who should be the best judges) objected to their closing with a couplet. It gives too epigrammatic a character to the sonnet; which should rather die gravely and collectedly away, after reaching its climax in the close of the octave.

At the risk of pedantry we make this

explanation, because no discussion of the sonnet is possible without understanding its strict Italian form. The English form to which Shakespeare has given his name (though the Earl of Surrey seems to have invented it) is far simpler. It consists of three quatrains (or sets of four lines each) rhyming alternately—a fresh set of rhymes for each quatrain; with a rhyming couplet to conclude the whole (a couplet, need we say, being two lines rhyming together?). Such, in the clearest explanation we can give, are the chief rival forms, the Petrarchan and the Shakespearean. And Mr. Nichol contends that the Shakespearean is the more satisfactory for English use.

Coventry Patmore (the passage is quoted in his "Life") contemned the Petrarchan or Italian sonnet altogether, largely for reasons connected with its metrical structure. Without entering into questions so subtle, we are disposed to think it over-valued for English purposes—whatever may be said of it for Italian purposes. It is consecrated in men's eyes by Milton and Wordsworth, who employed it exclusively; since when (in the language of Pear's soap) poets have used no other—or seldom any other form. The Miltonic sonnet (as Mr. Nichol remarks, following Mr. Bridges) is an Horatian ode in little, so to speak. Milton attained this majestic and unified quality by neglecting the prescribed pauses, not only between the quatrains, but even between octave and sestet, and making the sense continuous, at pleasure, throughout the sonnet. Wordsworth imitated his licence with greater licence; sometimes adding besides a third rhyme in the middle couplet of the second quatrain. They attained noble effect. But why adopt a structure in form, merely to violate it in essence? Why not adopt a form which shall frankly accord with your design, instead of one you must wrest to your

design? The reason of the form being gone, it becomes meaningless; nay, the form means one thing, the internal structure another—they are contradictory. It is like the violation of the pause prescribed by the heroic couplet, so painful in "Endymion." The defiance of the sonnet-form is no whit more reputable because the intricacy of that form prevents the ear's swift recognition of the defiance.

But, say you, that is past; we can now write true Italian sonnets; there is Rossetti. There is Rossetti. At his best he triumphs, this beef-fed Italian. But at other times, even with him, the rhyme is apt to be unpleasantly prominent. With native-born poets it is often prominent, and one has a general sense of difficulty overcome which one should not have. The English muse does not breathe freely in the form. It has too much whalebone for her large movements. The Shakespearean form, without the Italian's crafty completion for its chosen aims, is simpler, native, capable both of sweetness and majesty; a better instrument, we think, for our English muse. As Mr. Nichol observes, Keats ended by using it, though he began with the Petrarchan model; and Keats had instinct.

Throughout the greater portion of her career, indeed (until, that is, the Victorian period), the English muse has not taken kindly to the sonnet. That is the reflection which comes to one in glancing through this little book. There is a disappointingly small proportion of first-rate merit, apart from its interest as experiment in an originally foreign form. A selection of lyric, or narrative, or any other manner of poems, during the like period would pan out far richer in pure gold. Wyatt (speaking always from the austere poetic standpoint) Wyatt is nothing, and

Surrey not much; Raleigh's sonnet is somewhat overrated; Spenser never so little found himself as in this medium; we cannot share Mr. Nichol's admiration for most of Henry Constable's sacred sonnets; Daniel is surely an ambler with fine lines (though it be treason to say so); vigorous Drayton has yet (like Daniel) but one quite fine sonnet, though others have partial power; Jonson, and Herrick, and Herbert fail in this who do not fail in other things; Habington is naught; the eighteenth century all but barren; and so we reach Wordsworth. The great names (apart from writers of an odd good sonnet or so) can be reckoned on the fingers: Sidney (we do not admire Mr. Nichol's selection from him), Shakespeare, Drummond of Hawthornden, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats. Add to these Mrs. Browning and Rossetti in our day, and you exhaust the list—not a long one for our opulently poetical England. One of the surprises of the book to the average reader, by the way, will be two excellent sonnets by Thomas Russell. Individual sonnets are not wanting. Two of Constable's are good; there are fine ones by Sylvester and William Browne; others of his and one of Campion's are like dainty lyrics more than sonnets. Donne's are well known and ruggedly strong. Gray and Egerton Brydges have each a fine and known sonnet. At least one of Lamb's, Blanco White's, one of Shelley's, and one or two of Hood's outstand from the book. And that, if we have any judgment, is all. Surely, we are driven to repeat, the sonnet is ill-suited to English genius. The present day tells a different tale, to some extent. Yet we question whether a simpler form be not needed; and we ask, with Mr. Nichol, why not the Shakespearean?

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A London newspaper attributes the popularity of Mr. Shorthouse's story "John Inglesant" to the fact that Mr. Gladstone once sat to a photographer holding in his hand a copy of the book, the title of which caught the light and showed clearly in the photograph. This is nonsense. Mr. Shorthouse's book won popularity, unheralded, by its own surpassing qualities, and it has held it to the present time. Mr. Shorthouse wrote other books during his literary career, just closed by death, but it is by this that he will be remembered.

"The Socialist and the Prince," whose ambition and romance Mrs. Fremont Older describes in her readable novel, are rivals for the hand of a San Francisco belle, in the early days of the Anti-Chinese agitation. The Socialist is a sand-lot orator, and his personality and career are portrayed with a realism which is at many points exceedingly effective. With the Prince—an Italian, connected by a morganatic marriage with the reigning house—the author has been less successful, nor has she made her readers feel the charm which she avers to have been among the gifts of the capricious Theodosia. But her style has the epigrammatic quality so much appreciated to-day, and as a study of a period which has not figured over much in fiction her book will attract attention. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

In "Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse," Dora Greenwell McChesney adds to her list another uncommonly readable and wholesome story of Cavalier and Roundhead. The historical background is well handled; the plot is as full of

ingenuity as of incident; the characters are delicately and sympathetically individualized; the expected romance is unexpectedly developed; and a delightful strain of humor is introduced with the flippant philosopher, Lieutenant Flynt. Miss McChesney's style is in refreshing contrast to the baldness and crudity so frequent in the historical fiction of the day; she avoids glaring contrasts and uses her material with a sense of the value of subtler shades, though she can be rapid and direct enough when occasion demands. Her story deserves the popularity which it is sure to meet. John Lane.

The latest volume in the Library of Economics and Politics of which Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are the publishers, is devoted to the "Economics of Forestry" and is written by Dr. Bernhard E. Fernow. The work has a double purpose. It is designed to furnish such information as is necessary to forming an intelligent view of the position which forestry must occupy in our political program, and at the same time it aims to assist professional foresters to an intelligent survey of their art. The author is well qualified by research and experience for writing authoritatively upon this subject, for he was, until recently, Chief of the Division of Forestry of the United States Department of Agriculture, and is now Director of the New York State college of Forestry in Cornell University. He treats his subject broadly with a full knowledge alike of its literature and of its practical details, and he brings to the assistance of American foresters the results of the experience of foreign nations.

WHEN DAYLIGHT WANES.

When daylight wanes, the sun's once
fiery sway
Relaxed, a lucid calm o'er all ob-
tains,
And softest shadows fall aslant the
bay.

All is subdued: along the country lanes
Wan tollers tread, voicing an old-
world lay,
Whilst weird gray mists steal upwards
from the plains.

Perchance this song-sweet scene doth
but portray
Some crude forecast of all that He
ordains
For faithful ones who humbly ask the
way

When daylight wanes.
Geo. H. Ludolf.

Chambers's Journal.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

There is a hidden chamber in my heart
Where one called Memory keeps my
precious things;
She guards them patiently with jealous
wings,
Those treasures Love and I have set
apart.

And sometimes, in the quiet eventide,
With all the long day's work and
worry o'er,
I steal away behind that secret door
And for awhile with Memory I abide.

Then one by one she brings them forth
for me,
My priceless jewels trusted to her care,
Loosens their wrappings, shows each
beauty rare,
And spreads them for my weary eyes
to see.

But, suddenly, I see another stand
At Memory's side, with misty tear-wet
face,
And, till Sleep draws me thence with
close embrace,
Sadness with Memory lingers hand in
hand.

Katharine Alison Brock.

Good Words.

A ROYAL HEART.

Ragged, uncomely, and old and grey,
A woman walked in a Northern town,
And through the crowd as she wound
her way

One saw her loiter and then stoop
down,
Putting something away in her old
torn gown.

"You are hiding a jewel!" the watcher
said.

(Ah! that was her heart—had the truth
been read!)

"What have you stolen?" he asked
again.

Then the dim eyes filled with a sudden
pain,

And under the flickering light of the
gas

She showed him her gleanings. "It's
broken glass,"

She said; "I hae lifted it up frae the
street

To be oot o' the road o' the bairnies'
feet!"

Under the fluttering rags astir
That was a royal heart that beat!
Would that the world had more like
her

Smoothing the road for its bairnies'
feet!

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Spectator.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why the world's so bright,
No matter what the weather,
So full of beauty and delight
For us to share together;
I wonder why the sky should be
So deeply blue above you;—
Perhaps it's just because, you see,
I love you!

I wonder why my heart should sing
All day a song of gladness,
Why every season should be Spring,
No thought of care or sadness;
Why every night the stars should glow
With meanings just above me;—
Perhaps it's just because I know
You love me!

Mary Farrah.

The Leisure Hour.